

ANC.

JUMBO COMICS

No 106
DEC.
10¢

SHEENA,
Jungle Queen, in
"The RIVER-OF-
NO-RETURN!"
— ALSO —
GHOST GALLERY
SKY GIRL—THE HAWK
and many others.





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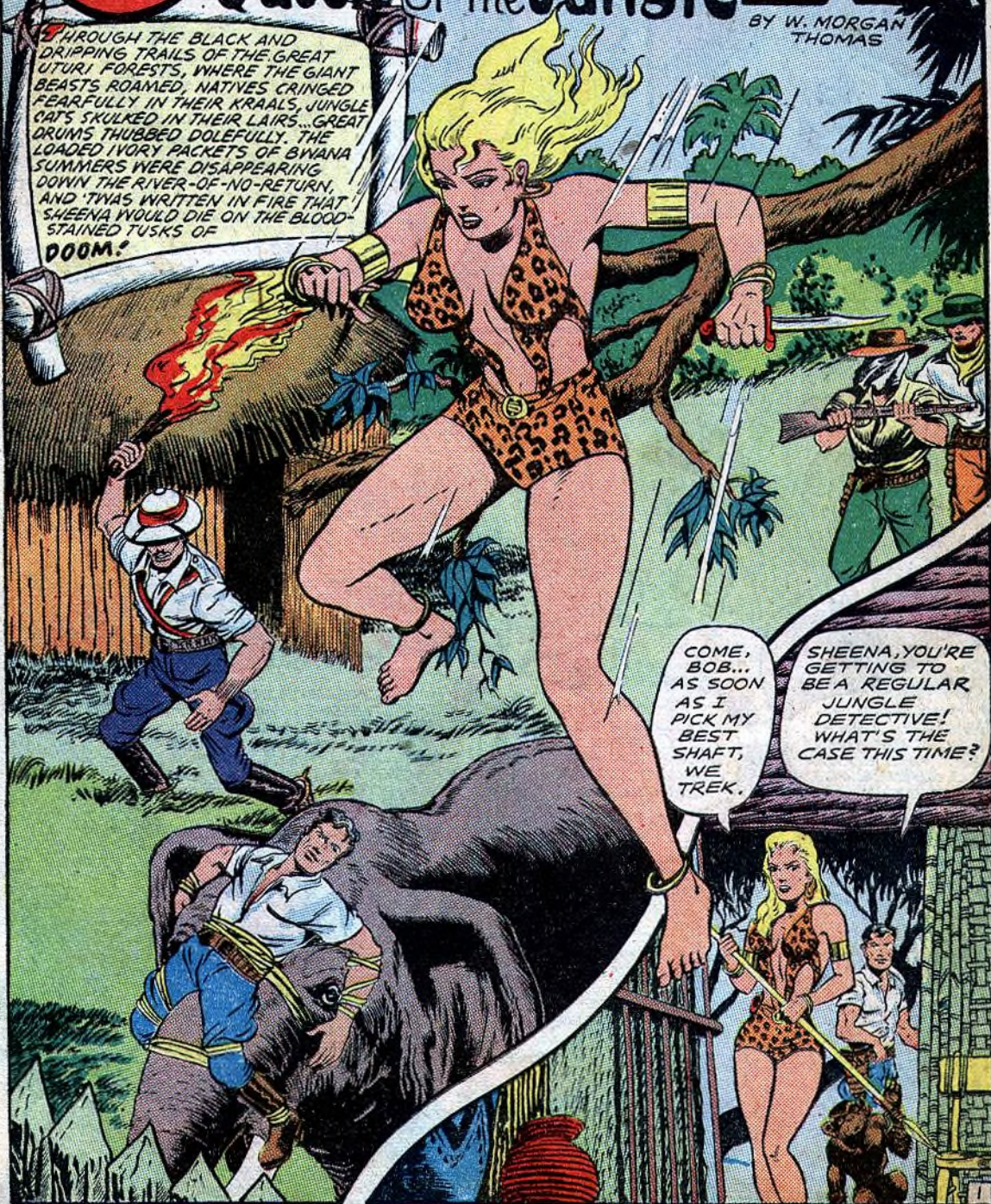
SHEENA,
Jungle Queen, in
**"The RIVER-OF-
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SHEENA

Queen of the Jungle

BY W. MORGAN
THOMAS

THROUGH THE BLACK AND DRIPPING TRAILS OF THE GREAT UTURI FORESTS, WHERE THE GIANT BEASTS ROAMED, NATIVES CRINGED FEARFULLY IN THEIR KRAALS, JUNGLE CATS SKULDED IN THEIR LAIRS... GREAT DRUMS THUBBED DOLEFULLY. THE LOADED IVORY PACKETS OF BWANA SUMMERS WERE DISAPPEARING DOWN THE RIVER-OF-NO-RETURN, AND 'T' WAS WRITTEN IN FIRE THAT SHEENA WOULD DIE ON THE BLOOD-STAINED TUSKS OF DOOM!



COME,
BOB...
AS SOON
AS I
PICK MY
BEST
SHAFT,
WE
TREK.

SHEENA, YOU'RE
GETTING TO
BE A REGULAR
JUNGLE
DETECTIVE!
WHAT'S THE
CASE THIS TIME?



DO NOT JEST, BOB, THIS IS SERIOUS... IT CONCERNS THE RIVER PACKETS OF TRADER SUMMERS... MANY BOATS DOES HIS MANAGER SEND, FILLED WITH VALUABLE GOODS...

YET, AS THE SUN RISES AND FALLS, THEY ARE ATTACKED BY A STRANGE TRIBE... PILFERED AND ROBBED! BUT NOW WE SPEED TOWARDS THE THREE CORNERS... THERE TO MEET COMMISSIONER BRENTON.

OKAY, SHERLOCK... LEAD ON!



MUCH LONGER, K'FANGA? BEEN YEARS SINCE I'VE SEEN THE COMMISSIONER.

NAY, BWANA... PERHAPS BUT A STONE'S THROW AHEAD... THERE LIES THREE CORNERS.



COMMISSIONER BRENTON! QUICK... GET HIM DOWN... THERE MAY STILL BE TIME!



BWANA, BWANA... LOOK! THAT CREATURE PINNED TO THE BAOBAB!

GREAT SCOTT, K'FANGA! IT... IT'S...



TOD LATE, MASTER... DEATH STILL HIS BODY! BUT WHO COULD DO SUCH EVIL THING?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I AIM TO FIND OUT! LET'S SEE IF ANY OF HIS PAPERS OFFER A CLUE.

HMM... HE WAS DUE TO MEET SHEENA HERE JUST A FEW HOURS FROM NOW, Y'KNOW, K'FANGA... WE DO LOOK A BIT ALIKE. YES, THE MORE I THINK OF IT, SHEENA'S GOING TO KEEP THAT APPOINTMENT!



ANO SO, LATER...

SHEENA, BOB...
GLAD TO MEET
YOU AT LAST!
UNDERSTAND
YOU'RE GOING
TO HELP ME.
TRY TO CLEAR
UP THIS MYSTERY
OF TRADER
SUMMER'S
BOATS...

LET US HOPE SO,
COMMISSIONER
BRENTON. KNOW
YOU THE CARGO
THEY CARRY...
AND THE TRIBE
THAT ATTACKS
THEM?

ANIMALS, IVORY, IS THE
ANSWER TO THE FIRST
QUESTION... AS FOR THE
SECOND, I'M AFRAID I
CAN'T BE OF MUCH HELP...
THE TRIBE'S NEVER BEEN
SEEN BEFORE IN THIS
REGION.

STRANGE!
BUT COME,
NOW WE
TREK TO THE
TRADER'S
POST.

AS HIDDEN IN THE TREES NEARBY...

WAH! THE HUNGRY
ONE OF MANY
CLAWS LURKS
ABOVE THEM.
NOW... MY FIRST
BARB...

AH, OUR
FOLLOWER
FRIGHTENS
THE BLACK
ONE! COME...
ATTACK
WHITE ONES
AS MASTER
ORDERED!

GOT HERE JUST IN
TIME! I'M LARSON,
MANAGER OF THE
TRADING POST. SORTA
FIGGERED YOU MIGHT
RUN INTO SOME TROUBLE!
COME ALONG, LET'S GET
TO THE POST.

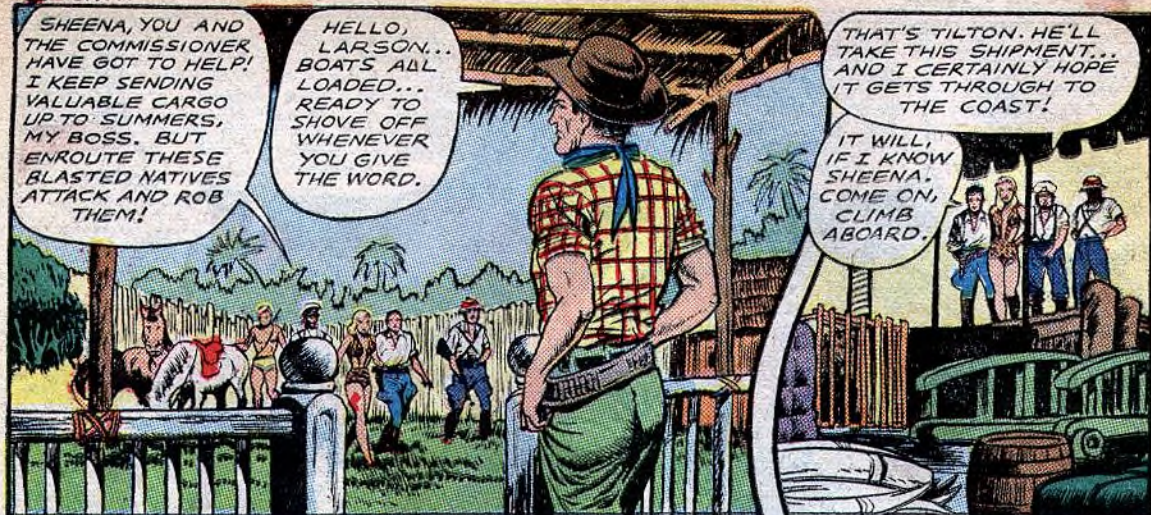
DEVIL-
CAT!
HELP-
HELP!

NATIVES
SURROUND-
ING US!
MY GUN...

DEEP MUST SINK MY
BLADE AND... WHAT!!
HE DIES... YET MY STEEL
DID NOT TOUCH HIM!
WHAT MEANS THIS?

HARK!
SHOTS...
THE
NATIVES
FLEE!

SOON...

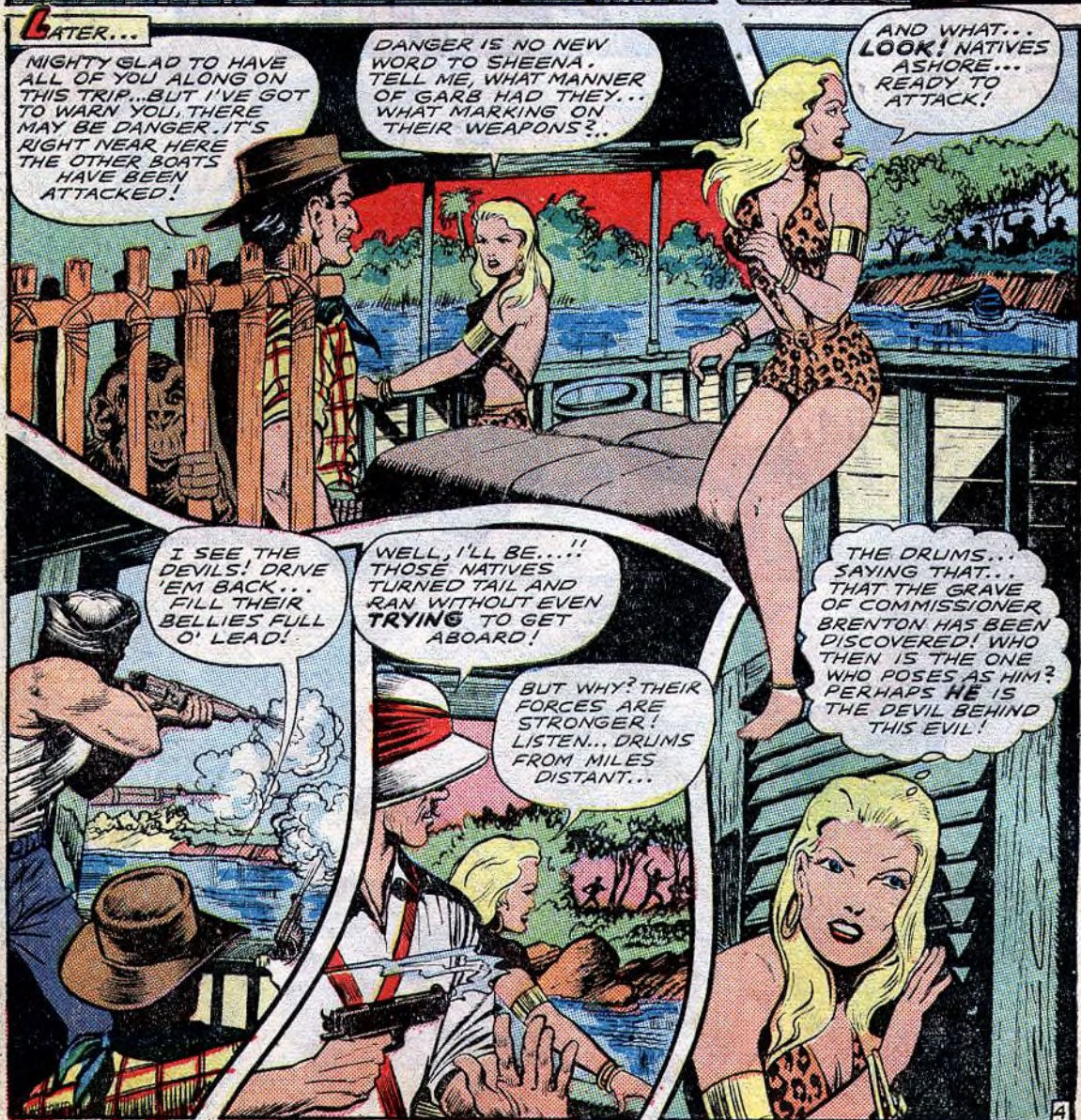


SHEENA, YOU AND THE COMMISSIONER HAVE GOT TO HELP! I KEEP SENDING VALUABLE CARGO UP TO SUMMERS, MY BOSS. BUT ENROUTE THESE BLASTED NATIVES ATTACK AND ROB THEM!

HELLO, LARSON... BOATS ALL LOADED... READY TO SHOVE OFF WHENEVER YOU GIVE THE WORD.

THAT'S TILTON. HE'LL TAKE THIS SHIPMENT... AND I CERTAINLY HOPE IT GETS THROUGH TO THE COAST!

IT WILL, IF I KNOW SHEENA. COME ON, CLIMB ABOARD.



LATER...
MIGHTY GLAD TO HAVE ALL OF YOU ALONG ON THIS TRIP... BUT I'VE GOT TO WARN YOU, THERE MAY BE DANGER. IT'S RIGHT NEAR HERE THE OTHER BOATS HAVE BEEN ATTACKED!

DANGER IS NO NEW WORD TO SHEENA. TELL ME, WHAT MANNER OF GARB HAD THEY... WHAT MARKING ON THEIR WEAPONS?..

AND WHAT... **LOOK!** NATIVES ASHORE... READY TO ATTACK!

I SEE THE DEVILS! DRIVE 'EM BACK... FILL THEIR BELLIES FULL O' LEAD!

WELL, I'LL BE...!! THOSE NATIVES TURNED TAIL AND RAN WITHOUT EVEN TRYING TO GET ABOARD!

BUT WHY? THEIR FORCES ARE STRONGER! LISTEN... DRUMS FROM MILES DISTANT...

THE DRUMS... SAYING THAT... THAT THE GRAVE OF COMMISSIONER BRENTON HAS BEEN DISCOVERED! WHO THEN IS THE ONE WHO POSES AS HIM? PERHAPS HE IS THE DEVIL BEHIND THIS EVIL!

SOON...

BOB! COMMISSIONER BRENTON IS GETTING OFF HERE... AND I SAID WE WOULD DO THE SAME, BUT CAN YOU GET BACK ABOARD UNSEEN?

I CAN TRY, WHERE GOES.

AH, LOADING MORE CARGO... NOW'S MY CHANCE! HOPE SHEENA KNOWS WHAT SHE'S DOING!

HEY, WHAT GIVES HERE? I CAN FEEL THIS TUB SWINGING TO SHORE, BUT AS FAR AS I KNOW, THERE ISN'T A DOCK FOR MILES!

AHOY, ASHORE... IT'S TILTON. COAST IS CLEAR. UNCOVER TH' DOCK... WE'RE PULLIN' IN WITH ANOTHER LOAD!

SO THAT'S IT! TILTON AND THE BOYS ARE PULLING BRENTON'S LEG! THOSE FAKE NATIVES MUST HAVE PUT ON THAT ATTACK ACT JUST FOR OUR BENEFIT! A SWEET RACKET... THEY ROB THE CARGO, THEN SAY NATIVES NABBED IT! BUT WAIT... THAT MASKED CHARACTER!

HE MUST BE THE BIG SHOT RUNNING THIS SHOW! BUT WHO... OOH... CAGE TOPPLING!

WHAT!! SHEENA'S MATE! QUICK, SEIZE HIM... HE MUST NOT ESCAPE!

MAYBE NOT, BUT I'M GONNA MAKE A DARN GOOD STAB AT IT!

AHHH...

WHILE...

AH, THE TRAIL COMES TO AN END...
THE SO-CALLED COMMISSIONER IS
JUST AHEAD, AND IT IS TIME FOR
RECKONING WITH SHEENA!

HOLD! WHERE
IS THE ONE
CALLED
BRENTON?

SHEENA! WHAT'S
GOTTEN INTO YOU...
HAVE YOU GONE
MAD? I'M THE
COMMISSIONER.

AS IN THE HIDEOUT
OF THE MASKED BANDIT...

LIES... LIES! EVEN
NOW HE IS IN HIS
GRAVE... A SPEAR
IN HIS BACK! SPEAK...
OR MY BLADE WILL
SPEAK!

FOOLS! AFTER
HIM! IF HE GETS
AWAY, EVERY-
THING'S
RUINED!

THAT VOICE!
WHERE HAVE
I HEARD IT
BEFORE?

TAKE IT EASY,
BOSS! THIS
NET'S JUST THE
THING TO SLOW
THAT BABY
DOWN!

BAW! YOU COULDN'T KILL
A FLEA! I THOUGHT
YOU TOLD ME YOU
LEFT THE COMMISSIONER
FOR DEAD... YET RIGHT
NOW HE'S PROBABLY WITH
SHEENA! NO, WE'LL
KEEP THIS GUY
HOSTAGE
JUST IN
CASE!

THAT'S IT,
COME TO RAPA!
I WANT ME TO
BUMP HIM OFF
NOW, BOSS?

MEANWHILE...

WELL? MUST MY BLADE
RUN RED, EVIL ONE?

WAIT...YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND!
I...I'LL TALK!

I WAS LYING,
OF COURSE...BUT
MY NAME REALLY
IS BRENTON...JIM
BRENTON. YOU SEE,
THE COMMISSIONER
WAS REALLY MY
BROTHER!

I WAS ON MY WAY TO MEET
HIM WHEN I STUMBLED ON
HIS BODY...I CAN'T BEGIN TO
TELL YOU HOW GRIEVED AND
ANGERED I WAS...AND
SINCE WE LOOKED PRETTY
MUCH ALIKE, I DECIDED TO
TAKE HIS PLACE...SEE IF I
COULD
SOLVE HIS
MURDER!

AS...

BOSS, WE BIN DOIN'
SOME THINKIN'. WE
GOT OUR STOCK-
PILE O' IVORY...
ENOUGH TO MAKE
US ALL RICH! WHY
NOT CLEAR OUT
NOW BEFORE
LARSON GETS
WISE?

LARSON, YEAH...
MANAGER OF
SUMMER'S POST...
YOU'RE RIGHT...
WE'LL PULL OUT
NOW! BUT BE-
FORE WE DO...

THERE'S A SCORE I
WANT TO SETTLE!
I'VE GOT NO QUARREL
WITH LARSON... BUT
I SEE RED WHEN-
EVER I THINK OF
SUMMERS...BOYS,
WE'RE GOING TO
SMASH HIS POST
TO A PULP!

AHH, ROPES
LOOSENING...
ALMOST FREE!

BLAZES!
THAT GUY'S
LOOSE AGAIN!
THIS TIME
I'LL TAKE
CARE OF
HIM!

GOT TO
GET AWAY...
MUST WARN
THE POST!

THAT'S THE WAY TO HANDLE
THEM! AND SINCE THIS GUY'S
OUTLIVED HIS USEFULNESS,
I'VE GOT JUST THE PLAN
FOR HIM. BRING ME ONE OF
THOSE TRAINED ELEPHANTS!

OHH!

As...

SO THAT'S THE STORY, SHEENA. OBVIOUSLY MY BROTHER FOUND OUT WHO'S BEHIND THE BOAT ROBBERIES AND HAD TO BE KILLED! ANY IDEAS AS TO THE RINGLEADER?

MEANWHILE...

THAT'S IT... NOW GET SOME ROPES... LASH THIS GUY TO THE LEAD ELEPHANT... THEN WE'LL STAMPEDE 'EM ALL TOWARDS SUMMER'S POST!

ERR...A TOUGH WAY TO DIE!...

NONE, BUT SOMEHOW I FEEL IT IS WHITE MAN'S TRICKERY. COME, WE MUST TREK SWIFTLY TO THE TRADING POST. PERHAPS THERE WE MAY FIND A CLUE.

LATER...

BWANA... BOAT RETURN... BUT CARGO GONE!

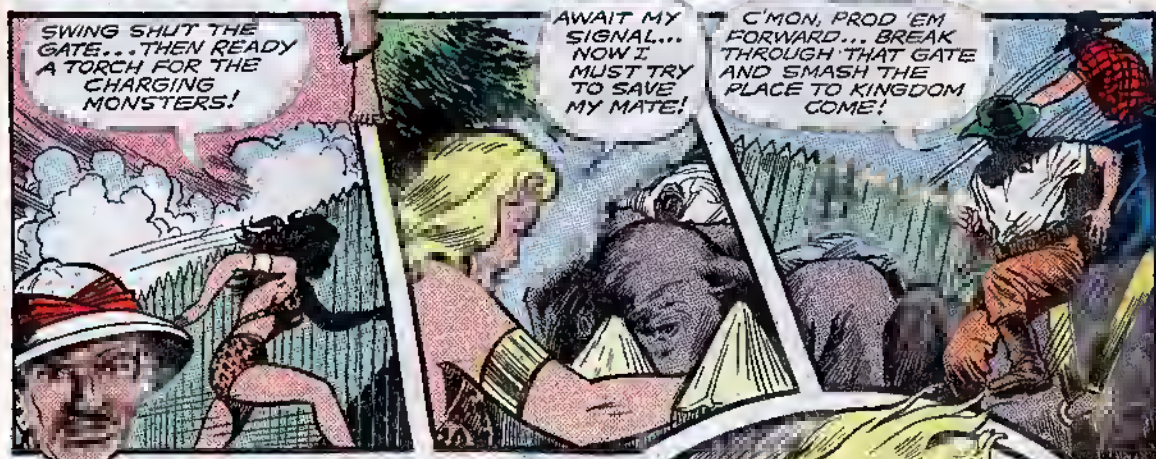
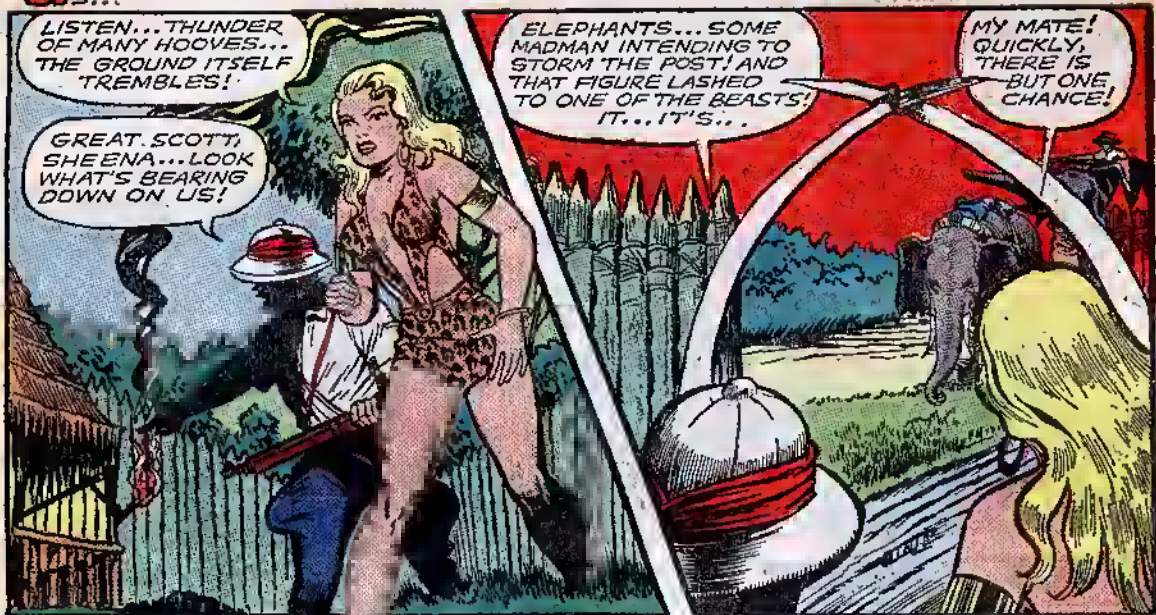
STRANGE! FOR DID WE NOT DRIVE OFF THE ATTACKERS? MAYOMBA! EVIL FILLS THE AIR!

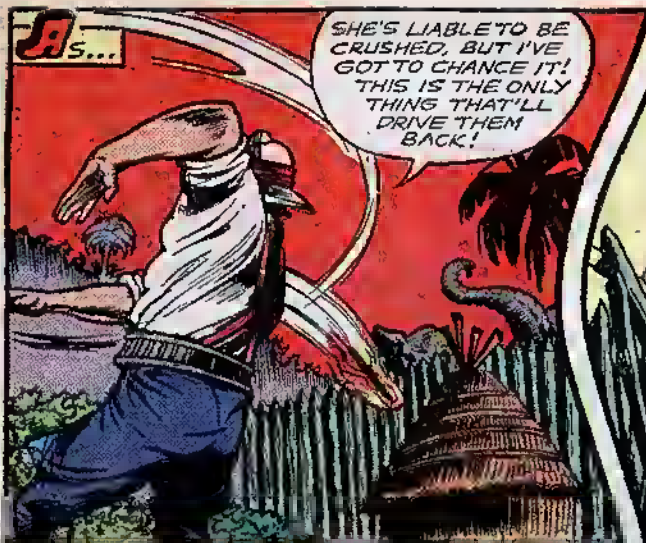
BUT YOU'RE CALLIN' TH' SHOTS, SO HERE GOES! BY TH' WAY... TH' BOYS BIN SORTA CURIOUS... WHY TH' MASK?

SOON...

TAKE A LAST LOOK AT SUMMER'S PLACE, MEN... YOU WON'T RECOGNIZE IT AFTER THESE BEASTS START TRAMPLING THROUGH!

NONE OF YOUR BLASTED BUSINESS! I THOUGHT OF THIS SCHEME, AND I'LL CONTINUE TO DO THINGS... MY WAY! NOW LET'S GET GOING!





JS...

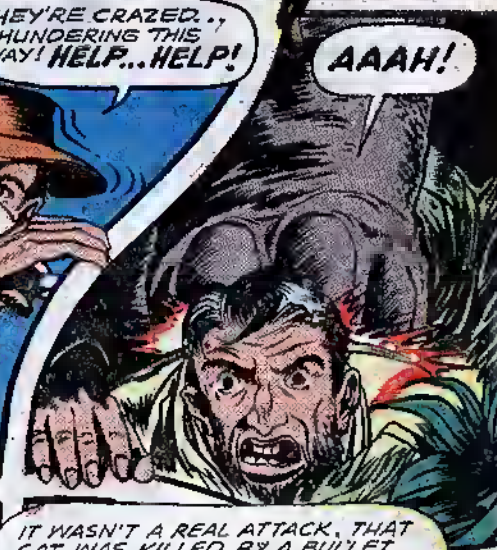
SHE'S LIABLE TO BE CRUSHED, BUT I'VE GOT TO CHANCE IT! THIS IS THE ONLY THING THAT'LL DRIVE THEM BACK!



THERE, MY BLADE FREES YOU! BUT RUN...ALREADY DO THE FLAMES STAMPEDE THE BEASTS!



THEY'RE CRAZED... THUNDERING THIS WAY! **HELP...HELP!**



AAAH!

LATER...

WELL, THAT ABOUT CLEARS IT UP. IT TURNED OUT THAT THE MASKED DEVIL BEHIND THIS WHOLE THING WAS LARSON! IT SEEMS THAT HE HAD MORE THAN A GREED MOTIVATION. HE WAS CRAZY... FELT THAT SUMMERS SHOULD HAVE MADE HIM A PARTNER IN THE POST, RATHER THAN JUST THE MANAGER!

LARSON! BUT WHY THEN DID HE SAVE US FROM THE NATIVES WHO ATTACKED?

IT WASN'T A REAL ATTACK, THAT CAT WAS KILLED BY A BULLET FROM LARSON, WHO ENGINEERED THE WHOLE THING TO THROW SUSPICION OFF HIMSELF. AND HE'D HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT... IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU. SO LONG!

YOUR BROTHERS DEATH - AVENGED. FAREWELL! COME, BOB, WE TREK.



SHEENA, JUNGLE QUEEN, IN EVERY ISSUE OF

JUMBO Comics!

The Hawk

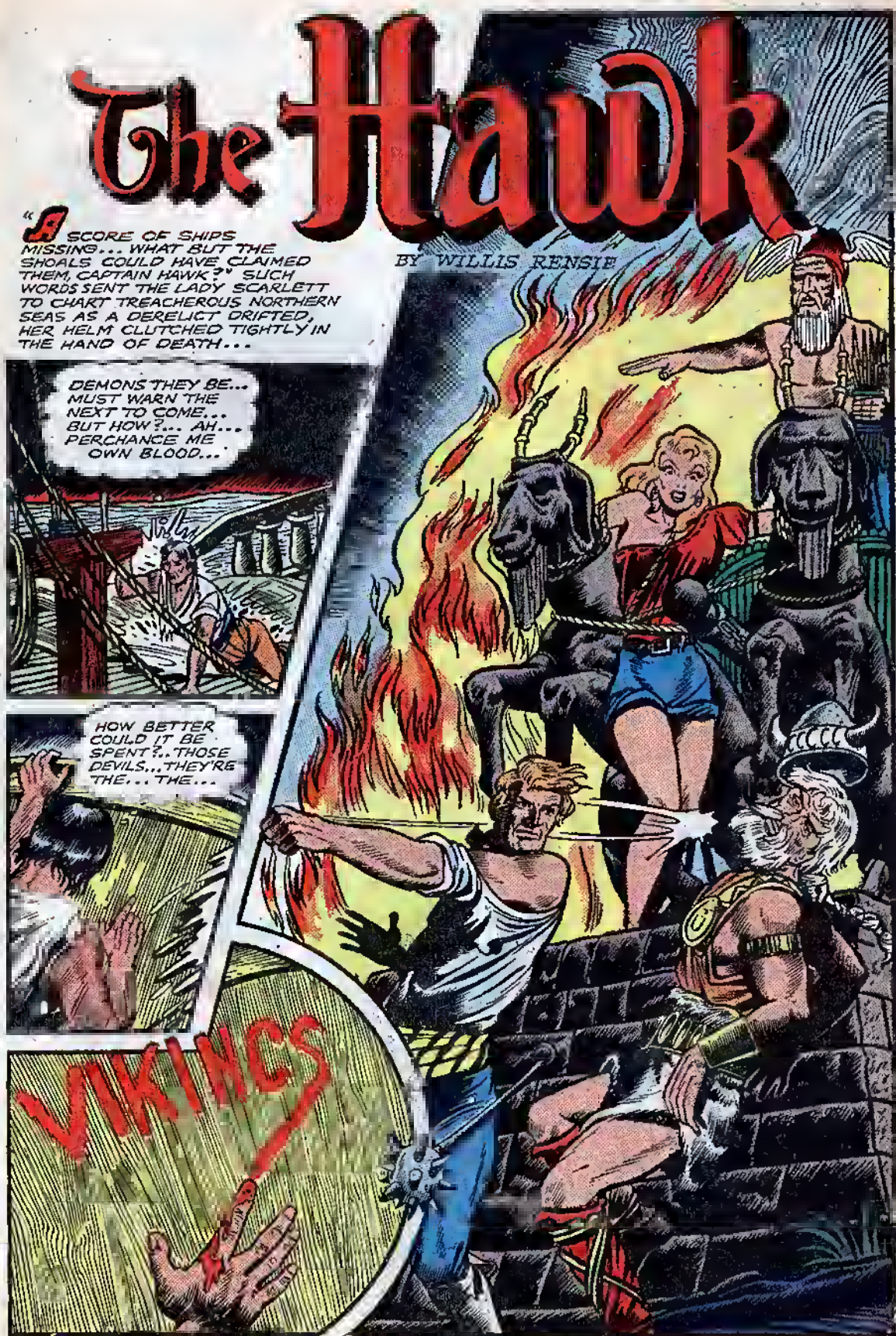
A SCORE OF SHIPS MISSING... WHAT BUT THE SHOALS COULD HAVE CLAIMED THEM, CAPTAIN HAWK? SUCH WORDS SENT THE LADY SCARLETT TO CHART TREACHEROUS NORTHERN SEAS AS A DERELICT DRIFTED, HER HELM CLUTCHED TIGHTLY IN THE HAND OF DEATH...

BY WILLIS RENSIE

DEMONS THEY BE...
MUST WARN THE
NEXT TO COME...
BUT HOW?... AH...
PERCHANCE ME
OWN BLOOD...

HOW BETTER
COULD IT BE
SPENT?... THOSE
DEVILS... THEY'RE
THE... THE...

VIKINGS



AS NEARBY...



NO SIGN O' OUR
SUPPLY SHIP, CAP'N
HAWK! IS SHE
NOT TWO DAYS
OVERDUE?

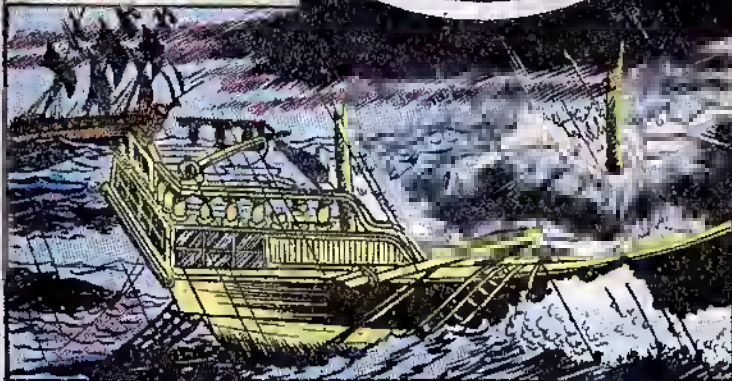
HUSH, JEREMY,
LAD! MORE'N
SIX FATHOMS
ERE, VELVET!

AYE, FLUTH,
I 'AVE IT
LOGGED! SIX
FATHOMS AT
LONGITUDE...

AHOY... AHOY,
CALEB! REEF
'EM... LOOK
ALIVE!

AYE, AYE, SKIPPER!
MOVE SPRIGHTLY,
LAD... GET THAT
SAIL IN! HERE COMES
TH' STORM!

THEN, HURLING INTO
THE LADY SCARLETT'S
PATH... THE BATTERED
HULK OF A ONCE-PROUD
MERCHANT...



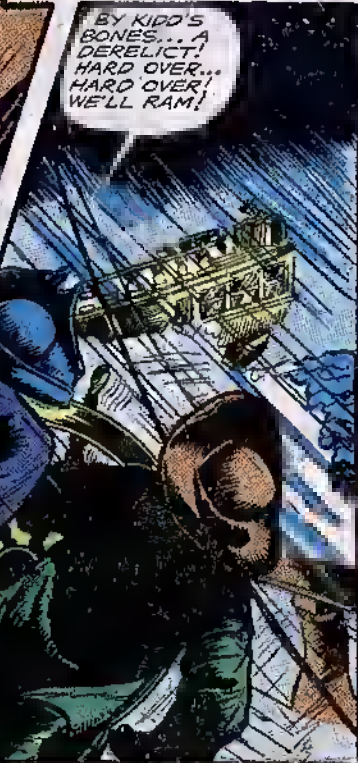
YE KIN SCARCE
SEE YER HAND
BEFORE YE, SIR!
AN' FEEL 'ER
PULL... A WORK
O' SATAN TH'
STORM BE!

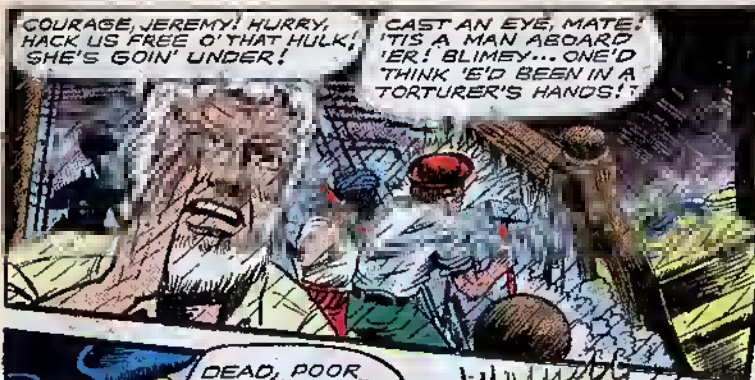
AYE, BUT
TH' OL'
LADY'S
LAUGHED
AT WORSE,
FLUTH, AN..

BY KIDD'S
BONES... A
DERELICT,
HARD OVER...
HARD OVER!
WE'LL RAM!

HOLD TIGHT TO
ME, JEREMY!
METHUSALAH...
WE'VE RAMMED
'ER HEAD ON!

OH, VELVET,
WE'RE DONE!
I'M SKEERED...





COURAGE, JEREMY! HURRY, HACK US FREE O' THAT HULK! SHE'S GOIN' UNDER!

CAST AN EYE, MATE! 'TIS A MAN ABOARD! 'ER! BLIMEY... ONE'D THINK 'E'D BEEN IN A TORTURER'S HANDS!



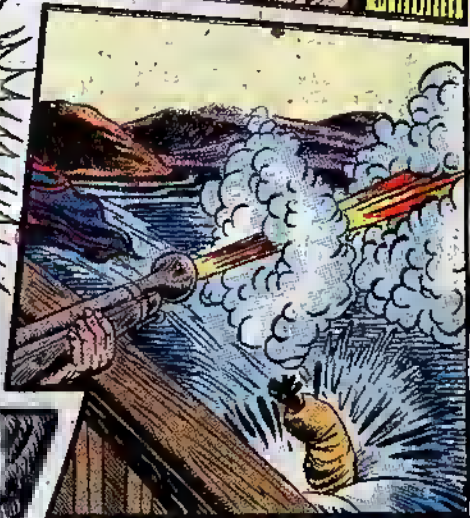
OOOH... YE COME TOO LATE, CAPTAIN... LEAVE THESE CURSED WATERS... HEED MY WARNING...
OOOH...



DEAD, POOR LAD, BUT HIS WARNING... VIKINGS... WOT CAN IT MEAN? AH, NO MATTER... BACK TO OUR OWN SHIP, MATES!

VIKINGS!

THEN, WITH THE STORM'S PASSING, THE LADY SCARLETT, BADLY DAMAGED, IS BEACHED OFF A TINY, UNMAPPED ISLAND. AND AS REPAIRS GO FORWARD, LAST RITES ARE HELD FOR THE DEAD SEAMAN...

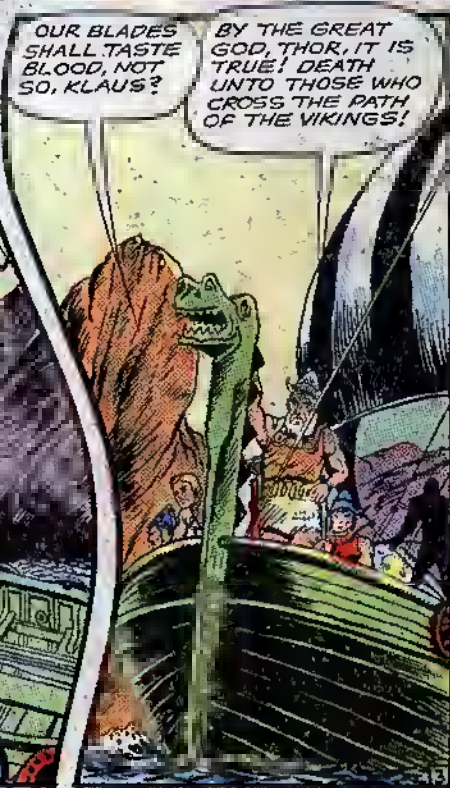


WHILE NEARBY...

KLAUS, MASTER... HEARKEN! IT IS THUNDER OF DOGS WHO WOULD INVADE OUR LAST STRONG-HOLD!

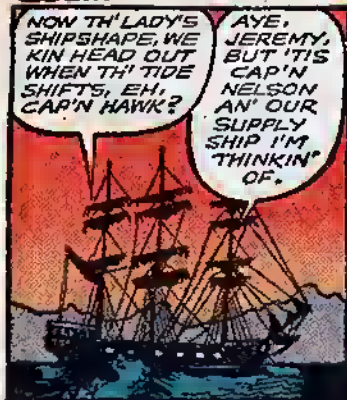


SO BE IT! BOARD OUR GALLEY... HASTEN!



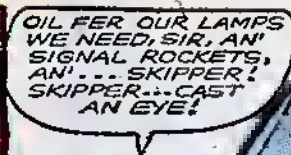
OUR BLADES SHALL TASTE BLOOD, NOT SO, KLAUS?

BY THE GREAT GOD, THOR, IT IS TRUE! DEATH UNTO THOSE WHO CROSS THE PATH OF THE VIKINGS!



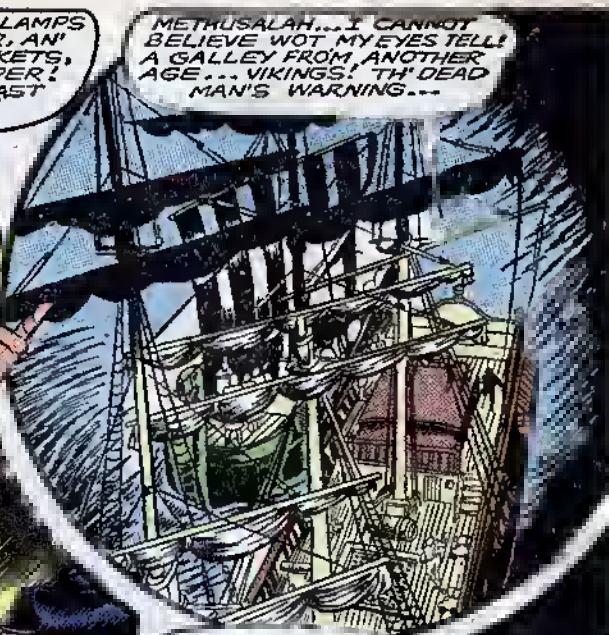
NOW TH' LADY'S SHIP SHAPE, WE KIN HEAD OUT WHEN TH' TIDE SHIFTS, EH, CAP'N HAWK?

AYE, JEREMY, BUT 'TIS CAP'N NELSON AN' OUR SUPPLY SHIP I'M THINKIN' OF.



OIL FER OUR LAMPS WE NEED, SIR, AN' SIGNAL ROCKETS, AN'... SKIPPER! SKIPPER... CAST AN EYE!

METHUSALAH... I CANNOT BELIEVE WOT MY EYES TELL! A GALLEY FROM ANOTHER AGE... VIKINGS! TH' DEAD MAN'S WARNING...



STRIKE QUICKLY WHILE SURPRISE IS YET WITH US!

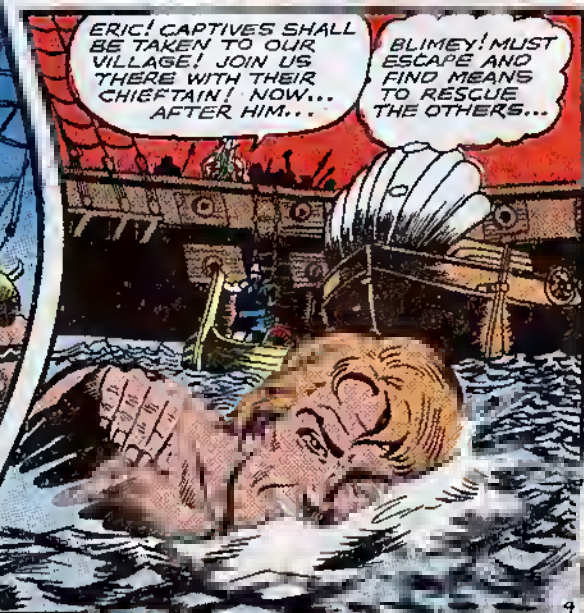
CAP'N, SIR... CALEB! TH' BARBARIANS HAS US OUT-NUMBERED A SCORE!



HAWK! WE'LL 'AVE TO SURRENDER! THAT HEATHEN'LL KNIFE VELVET! SKIPPER, WHERE ARE YE?



LOOK YONDER, MATE! E'S GONE OVER TH' RAIL... ESCAPIN'!



ERIC! CAPTIVES SHALL BE TAKEN TO OUR VILLAGE! JOIN US THERE WITH THEIR CHIEFTAIN! NOW... AFTER HIM...

BLIMEY! MUST ESCAPE AND FIND MEANS TO RESCUE THE OTHERS...

TH' SKIPPER... DEAD? OH, NO... NO...

I CANNOT BELIEVE IT... 'TWILL NE'ER BE TH' SAME WITHOUT 'IM...

LOOK YONDER, CALEB... VELVET...

HERE'S TH' FIEND RESPONSIBLE, AND... BY KIDD'S BONES! HE'LL PAY FOR IT!

SEIZE HER... SEIZE HER! SHE IS AS A DEMON!

SHALL SUCH A WOMAN BE PRIESTESS TO THE GREAT GOD, THOR, MASTER?

NAY, RATHER A SACRIFICE, HER BLOOD SHALL SPILL!

MEANWHILE...

OOOH... ME NOGGIN... WHERE AM I?... NOW I RECALL...

SUPPLY SHIP OVERDUE... THOSE DEVILS TOOK CREW CAPTIVE... BUT WHERE?... SHOULD BE ABLE TO SCAN ISLAND ATOP THIS CLIFF...

'TWILL SOON BE DARK... YON'S THEIR VILLAGE... METHUSALAH... WHAT! VELVET, LASS... NO... NO!

THOSE BUTCHERS... THEY'D SACRIFICE HER TO THEIR HEATHEN IDOL! BUT THEY'RE TOO MANY... I'M HELPLESS! HELPLESS!



As...

YON'S TH' HAWK
ASHORE, MATE.
LOAD 'IS SUPPLIES
ON LONGBOATS,
WE'LL SEE IF
'E'D AVE A LIFT
TO 'IS OWN SHIP!

AYE,
SIR!

AHOY, HAWK! WE 'AS YER
OIL AN' SIGNAL ROCKETS...
KIN WE PUT YE ABOARD 'TH'
LADY SCARLETT?

BY TH' BONES
O' KIDD 'IMSELF...
CAP'N NELSON!

I'VE TROUBLE,
OLD TAR... A
CARGO O' TROUBLE!
'TIS NO TIME FOR
QUESTIONS... HEAR
WELL ME PLAN...

Then...

NOW SHALL OUR
ALTAR BE STAINED
WITH BLOOD! THE
ALL-POWERFUL
ONE IS PLEASED!

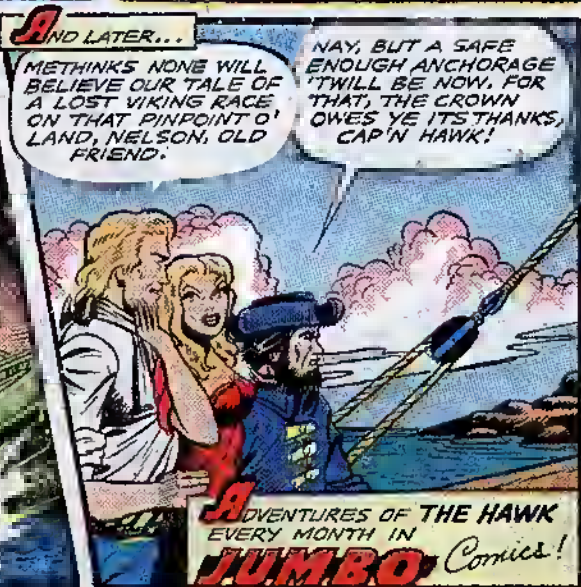
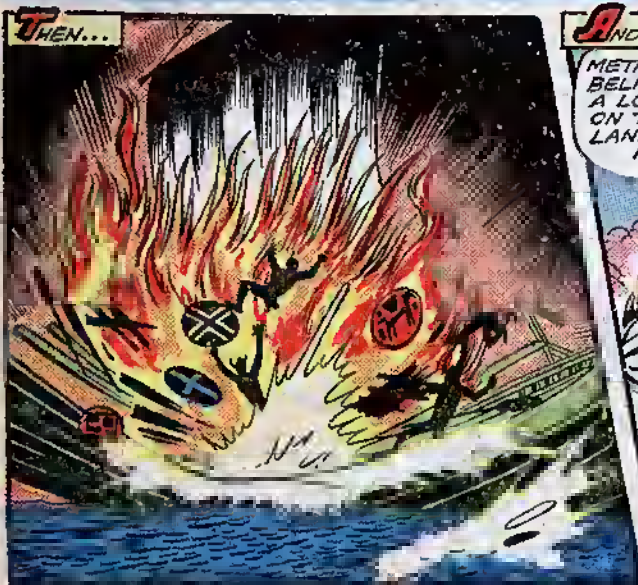
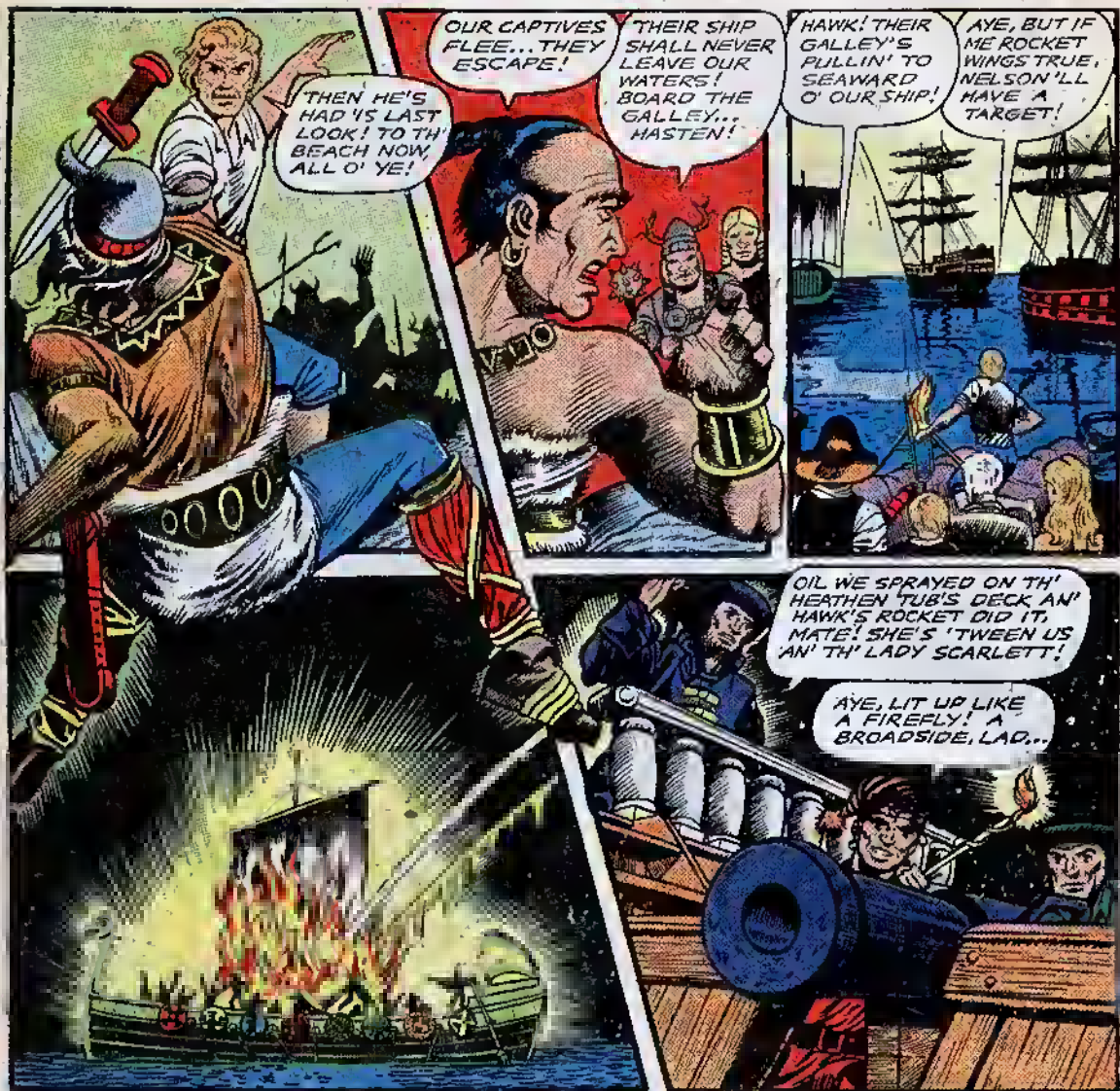
LIES! LIES! THIS
DOG DISHONORS
HIS VIKING
ANCESTORS!
DOWN... BOW
DOWN BEFORE
WRATH OF THE
GREAT GOD, THOR!

GLORY! IT WORKS...
OIL O' ER THEIR IDOL,
A TOUCH O' TINDER,
AN' TH' HEATHENS
THINK 'TIS JUDGMENT
DAY... NOW TO MAKE
TRACKS... YON'S HAWK...

THERE, VELVET,
YERE SAFE!
FREE TH' REST,
QUICKLY, WHILE
THOSE BILGE
RATS ARE
LOCKED IN
TERROR BRIG!

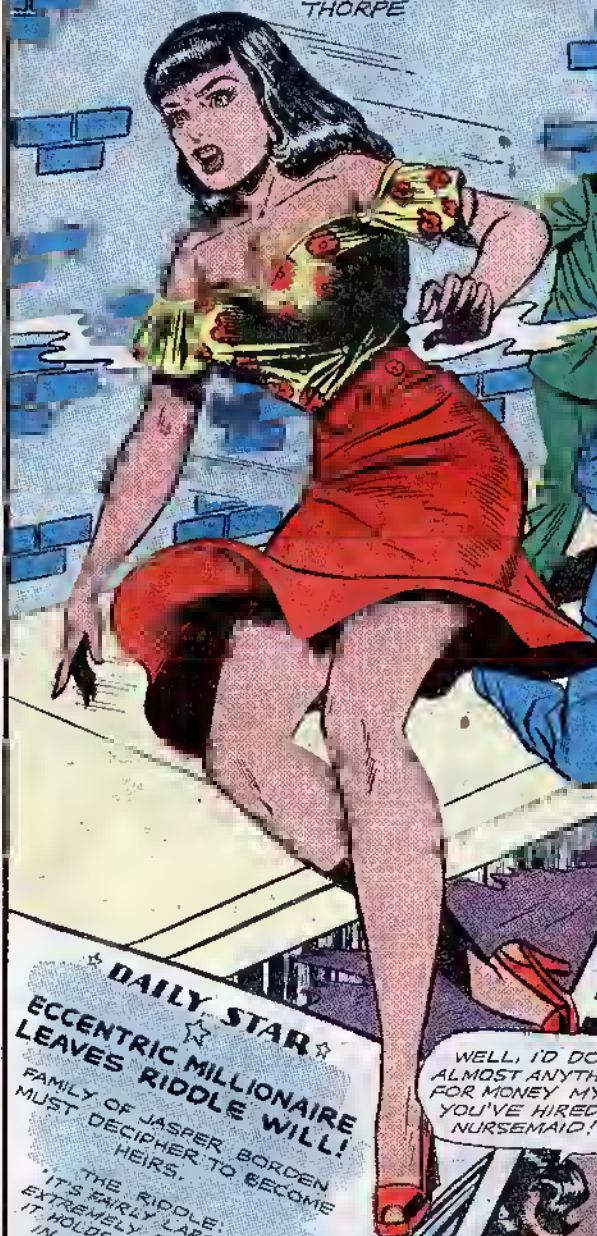
AYE,
SKIPPER...
BUT...
AVAST!
THEIR
LEADER
SEES
YOU!





ZX-5

BY MAJOR
THORPE



STRANGE STUFF THAT BROUGHT AN
EVEN STRANGER PAIR OF CLIENTS TO
MY OFFICE THAT THURSDAY AFTER-
NOON...

SO THE BRAUNY
BORDENS ARE
SCARED OF THEIR
LITTLE SISTER?

YOU DON'T KNOW
KATHY, ZX. SHE'D
DO ANYTHING FOR
MONEY... SHE'D
KILL US!



WELL, I'D DO
ALMOST ANYTHING
FOR MONEY MYSELF.
YOU'VE HIRED A
NURSEMAID!

YOUR HUMOR'S
NOT APPRECIATED,
BUT WE'LL PAY
YOUR PRICE...

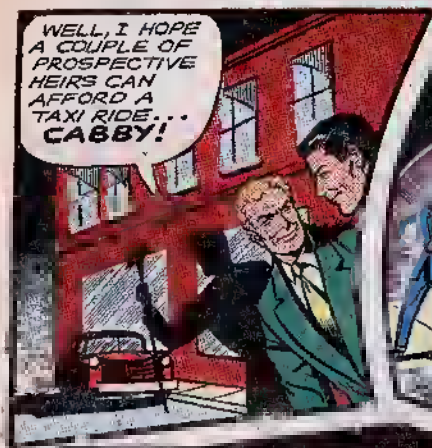
IT'LL BE
HIGH...
WHAT'S
OUR
FIRST
STOP?

HOME... I'M
SURE THE
RIDDLE'S
ANSWER IS
THERE...
SOME-
WHERE!

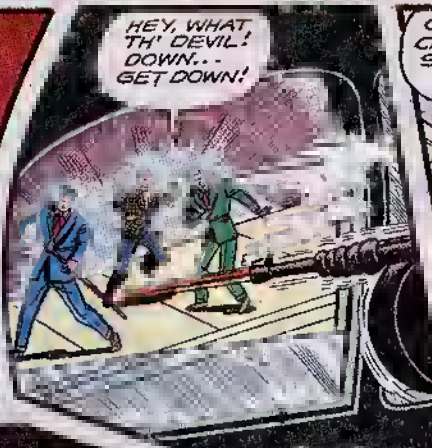
DAILY STAR
**ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE
LEAVES RIDDLE WILL!**
FAMILY OF JASPER BORDEN
MUST DECIPHER TO BECOME
HEIRS.

THE RIDDLE:
"IT'S FAIRLY LARGE,
EXTREMELY RARE,
IN A SECRET
HE WHO SQUARES
THIS MYSTERY
A RICH MAN HE
WILL EVER BE."





WELL, I HOPE A COUPLE OF PROSPECTIVE HEIRS CAN AFFORD A TAXI RIDE... CABBY!



HEY, WHAT TH' DEVIL! DOWN... GET DOWN!



GOOD WORK, CARL... YOU SAVED HIS LIFE!



AND LET THOSE BUTCHERS GET AWAY, YOU FOOL! WELL, TOO LATE NOW...

ROY... LOOK! SOMETHING FELL OUT OF THE WINDOW!



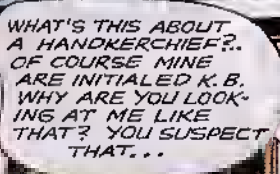
THOSE INITIALS... THAT'S KATHY'S HANDKERCHIEF!!

HOLY HANNA! LET'S SHOVE, KIDDIES! I'M GONNA HAVE A CHAT WITH FRIEND KATHERINE.



SO THIS SHACK IS WHERE THE BORDENS ROUGH IT, EH?

ENOUGH OF THAT, Z.X. LOOK... THERE'S KATHY...



WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A HANDKERCHIEF?.. OF COURSE MINE ARE INITIALED K.B. WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT? YOU SUSPECT THAT...



SUSPECT IS HARDLY THE WORD, MISS BORDEN. ROY... CALL POLICE HEADQUARTERS. IT'S A LITTLE MATTER OF ATTEMPTED MURDER...

"GA' WHO KNOWS YOUR EYES OUT IS NOT NECESSARILY A KILLER... BUT I DIDN'T FIGURE A FEW DAYS IN A NICE SAFE WOULD HURT ANYBODY. SO WHEN JOE FLATFOOT HAD DRIVEN OFF WITH HER IN HIS NEW CONVERTIBLE BLACK MARIA..."



THIS RIDDLE... LARGE, RARE... SECRET IN ITS SQUARE. IT COULD MEAN THAT PORTRAIT OF YOUR FATHER, CARL!

HOLY SMOKES, DAD WAS CONTINUALLY HAVING IT RETOUCHEE, ZX- AN X-RAY MACHINE WOULD LET US KNOW!

SOON...

YEAH, THE PORTABLE X-RAY FROM MY 'LAB' MIGHT SHOW 'NINE MILLION BUCKS FOR TWO SPOILED BRATS... DON'T LIKE THIS CASE...

THE GIRL SEEMED TRUTHFUL, YET THAT SHOOTING... SAY! NO GLASS SHATTERED... COULD MEAN BLANKS! JUMPIN'... LISTEN! WHO'S THAT?

THE MORE I THOUGHT ABOUT THAT PICTURE, THE MORE I BECAME CONVINCED IT'S THE RIDDLE'S ANSWER, ZX. ROY AND I DON'T WANT TO PAY YOU A BIG FEE...

... AND SINCE YOUR JOB'S DONE... OOOOF!

MY JOB'S NOT DONE YET, CARL!

MEANWHILE...

YUH GOT A BUNDLE OF CABBAGE READY FOR US, BORDEN? TH' FRAME CONVINCED ZX-S YER SISTER'S A KILLER.

IT SURE DID, BOYS. THOSE BLANK CARTRIDGES DID THE TRICK. I'VE GOT THE PAYMENT RIGHT HERE...

... TAKE IT, YOU FOOLS! YOU'VE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE!

ROY... NO! PLEASE, A-R-G-H!

YOU'RE OUT OF
SHAPE, CARL...
ALL YOUR CROWD
TRAIN ON
MARTINIS?

CURSE YOU,
GUMSHOE...YOU
WON'T LIVE TO
QUEER OUR
PLAN!...

OH, BUT I WILL,
HIGH SHOT! IN
FACT, THAT
PRETTY FACE
OF YOURS IS
GOING TO BE
A BIG HELP!

OOOF!

NEVER TOLD YOU
ABOUT MY DAYS ON THE
BORSCHT CIRCUIT, DID I,
CARL?... TAUGHT ME A
LOT ABOUT MAKE-UP.
LET'S SEE... LITTLE
MORE BURN'T CORK ON
THE GREY ONES...

CABBY... THE BORDEN
ESTATE! IF RED LIGHTS
FLASH, DON'T WORRY...
I'LL PAY THE FINES!

CHECK, MR.
BORDEN!
KNEW YA
FROM YER
NEWS-
PAPER
PITCHERS!

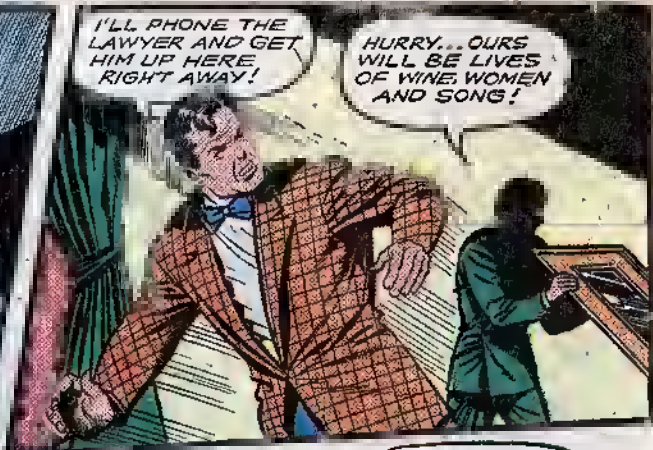
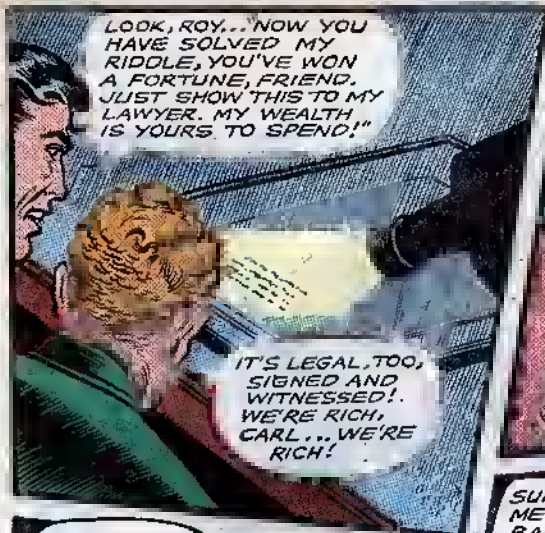
SOON...
CARL!
HOW'D
YOU MAKE
OUT? I
WAS BE-
GINNING
TO WORRY.

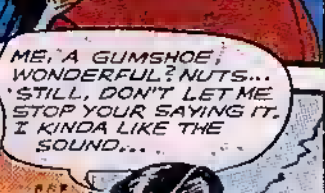
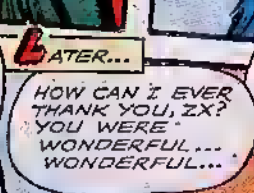
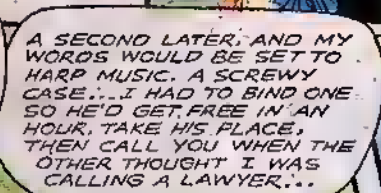
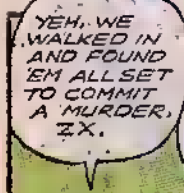
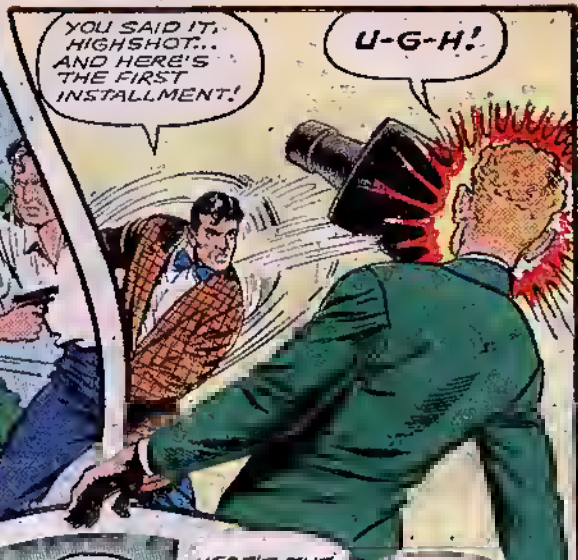
THE GREAT
DETECTIVE
WILL NEVER
BOTHER ANY-
ONE AGAIN. I
EVEN TOOK
THAT TRICK
CANE OF
HIS!

AND HERE'S
HIS PORTABLE
X-RAY. TAKE
DAD'S PORTRAIT
DOWN, ROY.

RIGHT! OFTEN
WONDERED WHY
HE STARED AT IT SO
MUCH. ALWAYS
CHUCKLING AS THOUGH
IT WERE A PRIVATE
JOKE.

I'M THINKING
THE JOKE WAS
HIS WILL. GET
MOVING, I'LL
START THE
MACHINE.





NEW ADVENTURES OF ZX-5 EVERY MONTH IN **JUMBO** Comics!

BOYS! GIRLS! GET'EM NOW!

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Big Holiday Assortment!



Spectacular Night Ass't!

Retail \$6.35... Your Cost, \$3.95

24	8" Gold Sparklers	.30
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5	Repeating Flash Bomb	.50
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1	9 Shot Repeater w. Grand Finale	1.00
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Reg. Retail Value \$6.15

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1	Floral Shell	.25
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72	Blockbusters	3.50
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USE COUPON ORDER NOW!

DOWN THE MOUTH OF A VOLCANO

By HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

ONE exploit performed by a follower of Cortés, during the campaign against Mexico, stands out even in that romantic chronicle. After their memorable retreat from Mexico City, while the Spaniards were making ready at Tlascala to retrieve this disaster, it became necessary to manufacture a fresh supply of powder. They easily got all the ingredients except sulphur, but that was not in use among the Indians. The general studied this problem, till it occurred to him that there was sulphur in plenty at the great volcano of Popocatepetl, if it could only be procured. This famous "mountain that smokes" was a landmark throughout Mexico, "the first object which the morning sun greeted in his rising, the last where his evening rays were seen to linger," and was in constant eruption during the Conquest, thrusting its vast smoky, up-side-down pyramid far up into the sky above the snowy cone that crowned its seventeen thousand feet. The Indians believed it to be the abode of the spirits of wicked rulers, whose struggles and groans produced the terrifying noises; and they stood in such dread of it that they had never even attempted to climb it.

This was difficult enough even for one who did not believe in these fables. Popocatepetl is the second highest mountain on the North American continent and the ascent

today, when the rude roads are kept open by sulphur gatherers, is far from easy.

But no difficulties could daunt these men. Cortés ordered a party of five led by Francisco de Montaña to make the trail and see if they could get the precious sulphur, without which their cannon and arquebuses were useless. Ordaz had made the attempt two years before in sheer bravado, but had been driven back finally, when almost at the summit, by the blinding smoke and cinders. Nevertheless, Montaña set forth.

The party forced its way through the tangled forest at the base, so thick that they wondered at times if they should ever get to the real ascent. They persisted; they crossed the black plain of ancient lava a mile wide and four miles long; soon the woods became more open; they found themselves among giant pines, pressing under their feet blue lupins, and purple turtlehead, and occasional Alpine flowers; at fourteen thousand feet they were passing among stunted wind-battered trees; then succeeded scattered grass tussocks and a few crouching flowers; next all vegetation ceased, and they came out on a chaotic surface of lava, twisted and broken into fantastic shapes, often sharp as knives under the feet, and causing many detours around great boulders and pinnacles.

When they reached the snow which lies

at that height summer and winter, they were all attacked with "mountain sickness." It was intensely hot and blinding to the eyes from the glare of the sun reflected against the dazzling whiteness. The rarefied air gave them severe headaches and made it almost impossible to breathe. Still they pressed upward, crossing icy chasms, working their way cautiously over the treacherous snow, slowly zigzagging this way and that to avoid impassable spots.

By great good luck, they found the volcano was not in eruption. They finally reached the very edge of the crater, a huge yawning ellipse over a mile long. Peering over, they could see, through the steam, great patches of dull yellow sulphur, some still smouldering, with streaks of ice and snow melting and trickling down to be again turned into steam. A lurid glow was visible far below, contrasting awesomely with the myriad colors struck by the sun from the upper sides of the crater's throat.

All the hardships and dangers of the ascent were as nothing compared to what now lay before them. ~~With~~ should venture down into that gloomy abyss, into the very steam of the eternal fires? The lot fell on Montaña.

Stepping into the large basket they had brought, the determined Spaniard was lowered by his four companions to a depth of four hundred feet. There was a long silence. Those on top braced themselves and shuddered at the thought of what might be happening to their comrade. Then the rope was shaken three times from below—the signal agreed upon. Pulling desperately, they

hauled up Montaña, dripping with sweat and almost blinded, but bringing all the basket would hold of the precious sulphur which he had scraped with his sword from the sides.

Undismayed by the experience, Montaña went down again and again. At length, with all the sulphur they could carry, they started home and returned in triumph to the Spanish camp.

Ordaz had been permitted by the Spanish Emperor to place a burning mountain on his coat-of-arms in memory of his ascent, unsuccessful though it was. Montaña apparently received no reward. His name is almost forgotten save for the mention of his deed in Prescott's pages. But his exploit was unique, and in the roll of brave men he has a sure place.

* * * *

Nearly four centuries later (1914) an American, Frederick Burlingham, descended one thousand two hundred and twelve feet into the central cone of Vesuvius, in order to secure moving pictures of this famous volcano actually "at work." Amid the noise of hoiling, bubbling lava, and a roar "like a great blast furnace," and in imminent peril for one terrible twenty minutes from suffocation, this venturesome explorer secured a picture record which enables us stay-at-homes to understand the action of a volcano as never before.

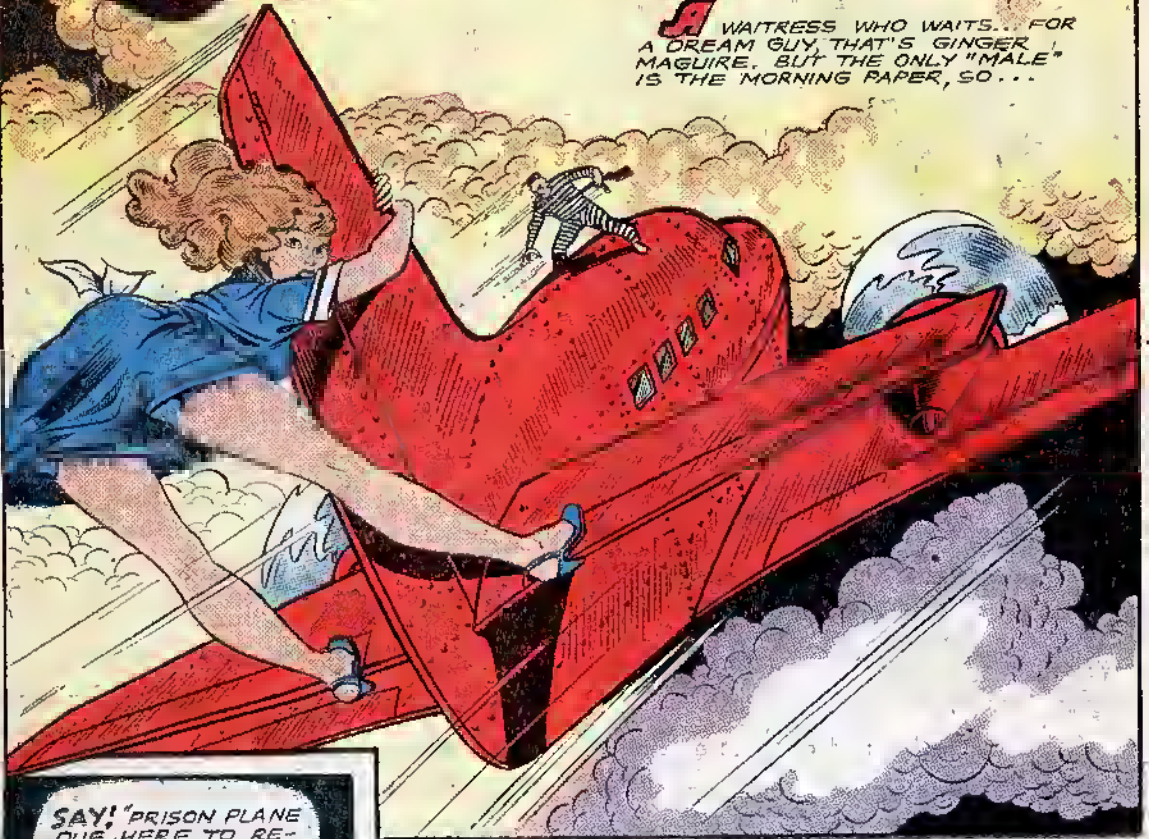
It is interesting, too, to know that today patient Indians gather sulphur from this very crater, now inactive, down which the daring Montaña was the first to venture.

THE END

SKY GIRL

BY BILL GIBSON

A WAITRESS WHO WAITS... FOR A DREAM GUY, THAT'S GINGER MAGUIRE. BUT THE ONLY "MALE" IS THE MORNING PAPER, SO...



SAY! "PRISON PLANE DUE HERE TO RE-FUEL." THAT SPELLS HANDSOME GUARDS AND...



... I MEAN TO BE ON MY GUARD..
HMM... THIS IS FOOD FOR THOUGHT
AND I THINK FOOD IS...

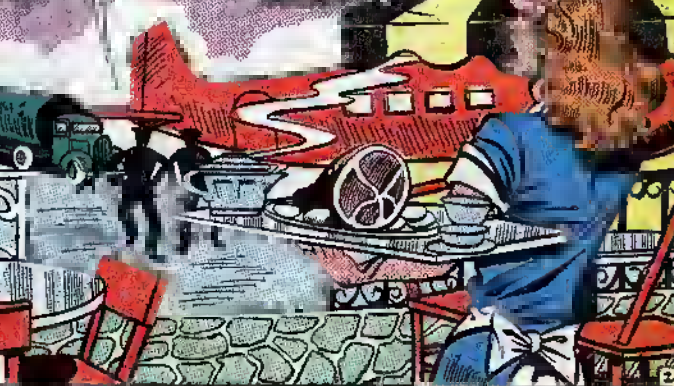
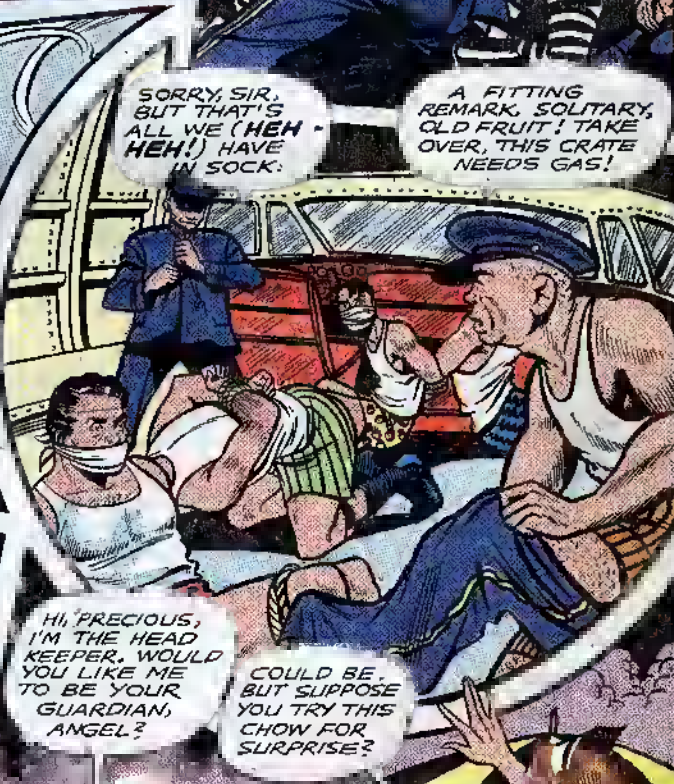
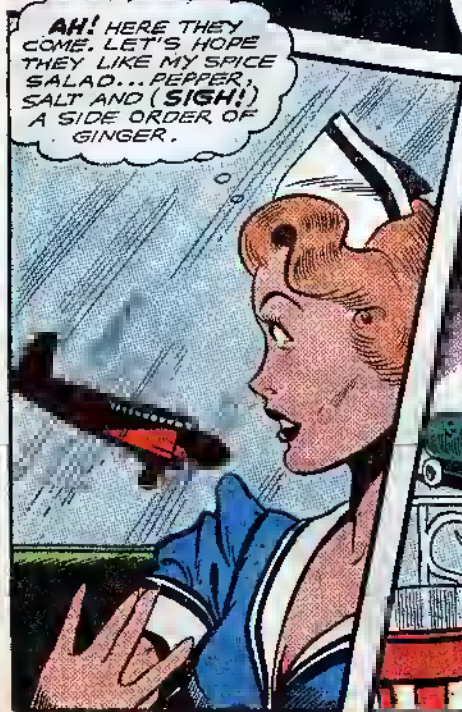
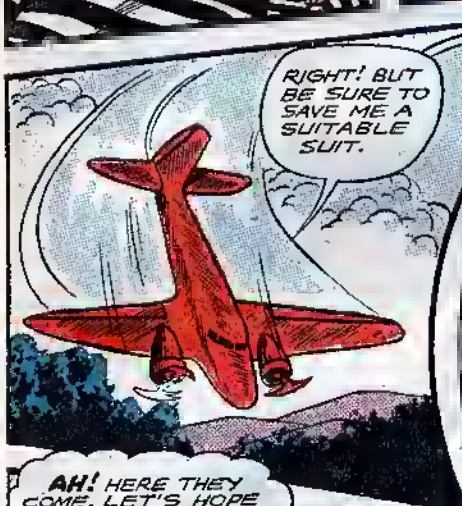


...JUST THE THING TO COP A COP. C'MON, GINGE, GET A STIR ON.





YEAH, MAN, LET'S GO.



GOLLY, THOSE GUARDS ARE DASHING, GLAMOROUS AND (UGH!) UGLY.

AND SUCH LOVELY TABLE MANNERS. TOO BAD THEY'RE NOT THIS CENTURY'S.

GOT ANYTHING ELSE, BABE?

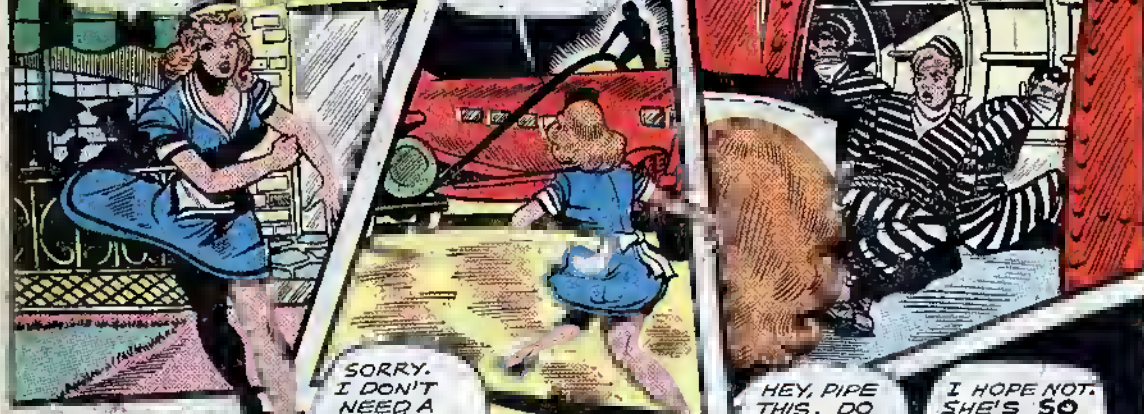


YOU SAID IT. SENSE ENOUGH TO SCRAM BEFORE YOU ROUGH-NECKS GIVE ME A "CELERY"!

I HAVE NOTHING TO DO, SO I MAY AS WELL SEE SOME OTHERS WITH TIME ON THEIR HANDS.

HI, FELLAS. WHATCHA GOT TO "CELL"?

LOOK, LADY. YOU GOTTA HELP US. WE'RE THE GUARDS!

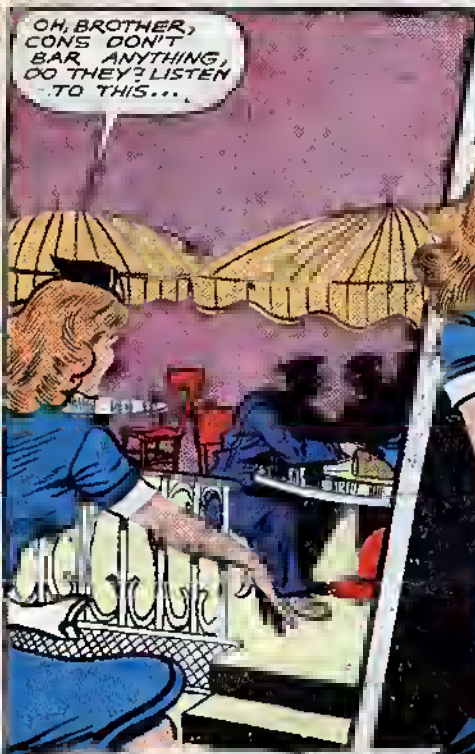


SORRY. I DON'T NEED A MALE BREAK BAD ENOUGH TO START A JAILBREAK.

HEY, PIPE THIS. DO YOU THINK THE BABE'S WISE?

I HOPE NOT. SHE'S SO YOUNG TO DIE.





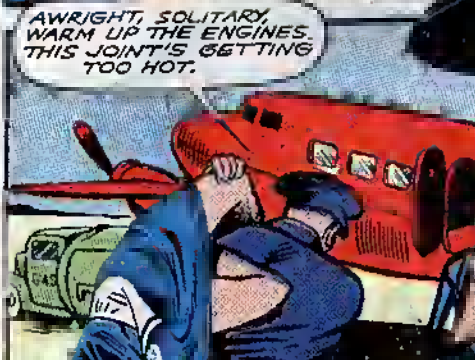
OH, BROTHER,
CONS. DON'T
BAR ANYTHING,
DO THEY? LISTEN
TO THIS...



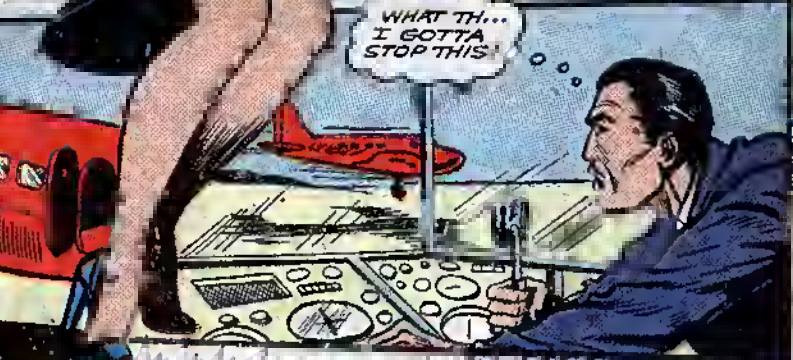
IT'LL KILL YOU.
THOSE GUYS IN
THE PLANE SAY...



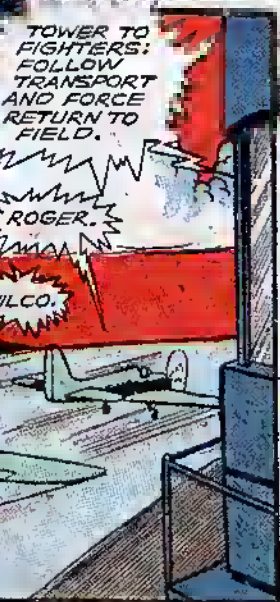
SORRY, SIS, BUT
YOUR YARN'S
GONNA HAVE A
REAL SMASH
FINISH.



AWRIGHT, SOLITARY,
WARM UP THE ENGINES.
THIS JOINT'S GETTING
TOO HOT.



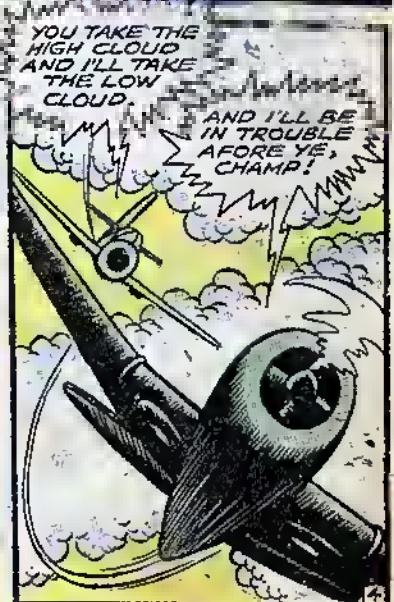
WHAT TH...
I GOTTA
STOP THIS



TOWER TO
FIGHTERS:
FOLLOW
TRANSPORT
AND FORCE
RETURN TO
FIELD.

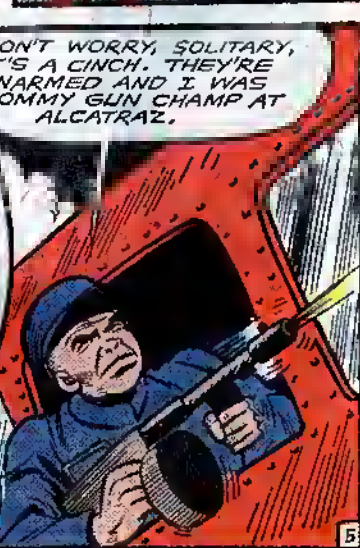
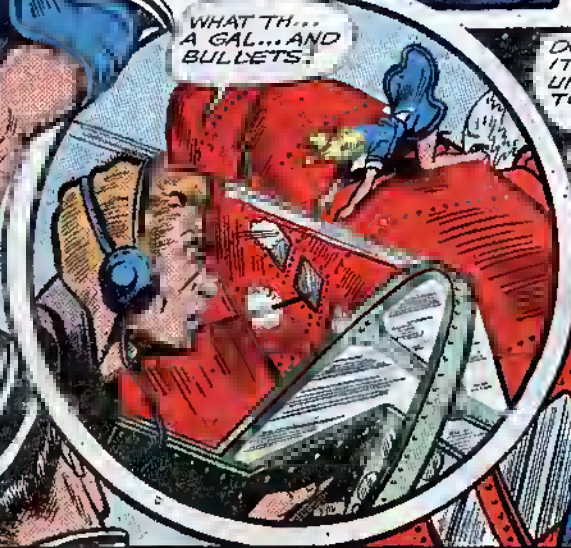
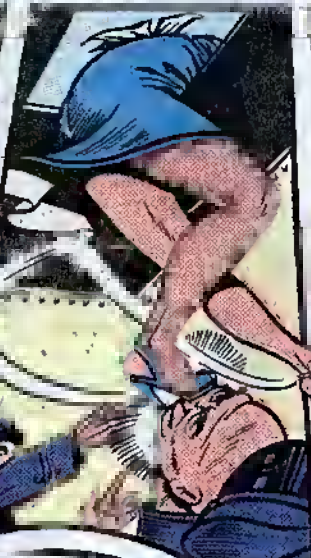
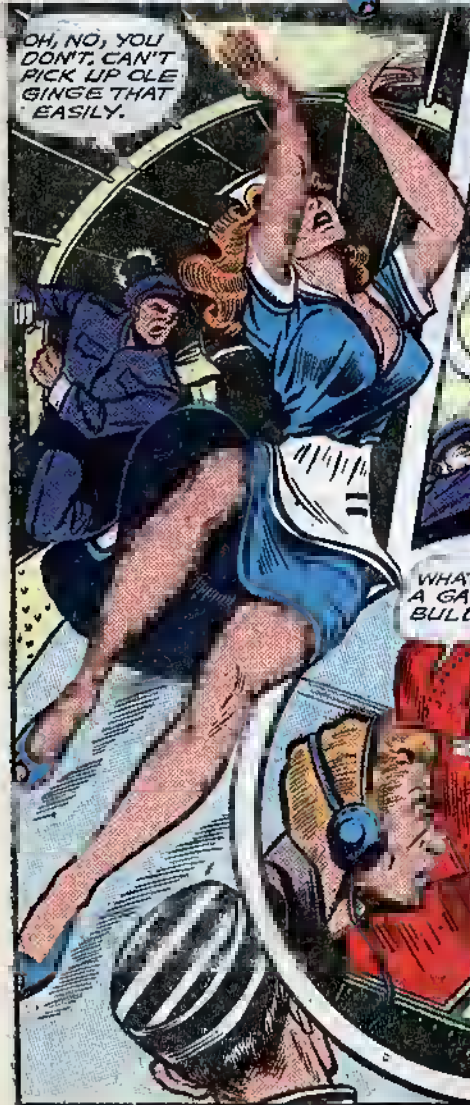
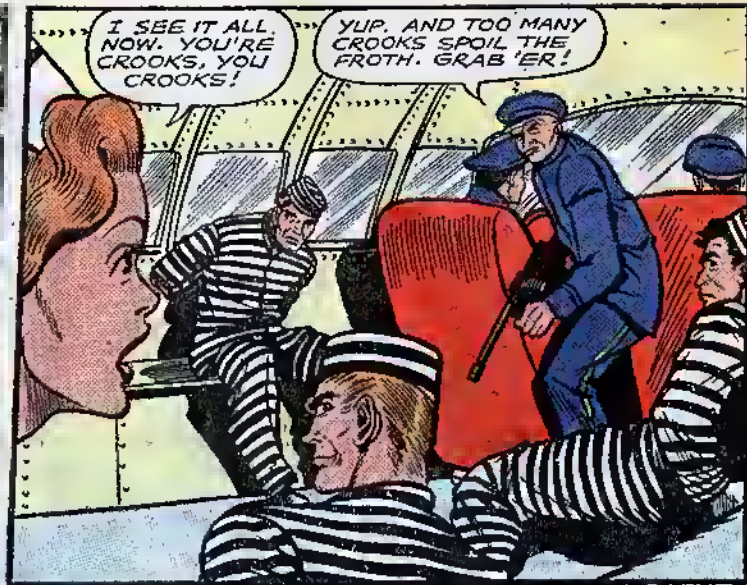
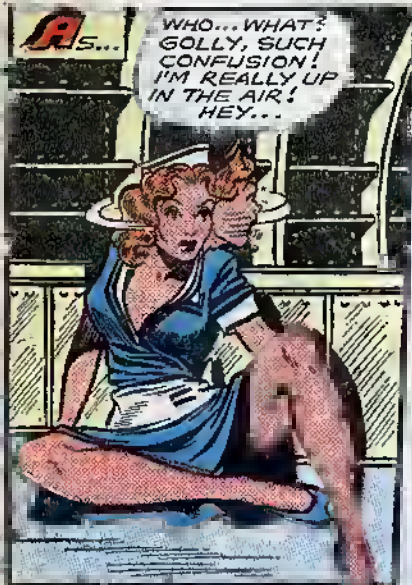
WWW
ROGER.
WWW

WILCO.



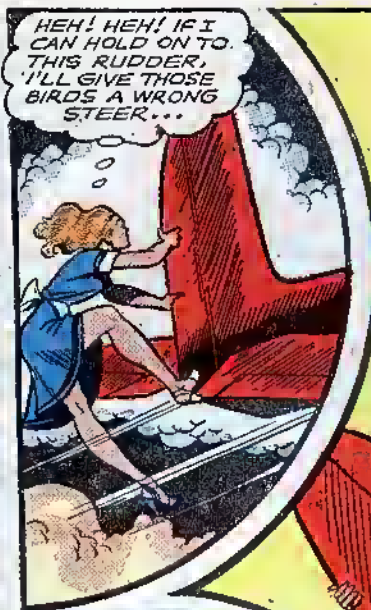
YOU TAKE THE
HIGH CLOUD
AND I'LL TAKE
THE LOW
CLOUD.

AND I'LL BE
IN TROUBLE
AFORE YE,
CHAMP!

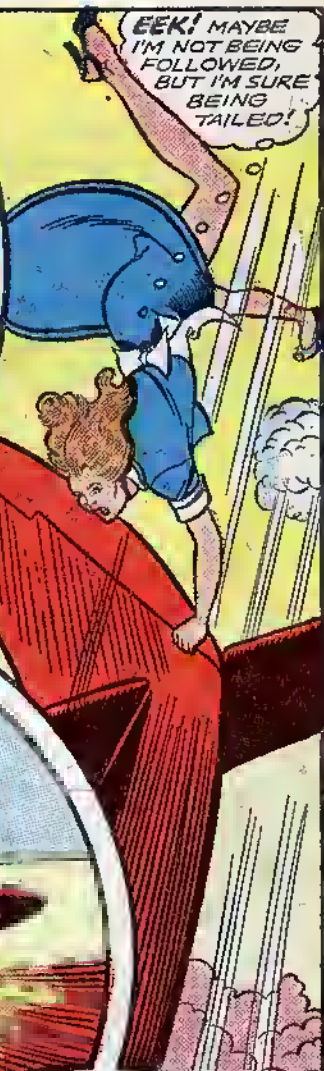




WHAT'S GOING ON?
THE CONTROLS ARE
FROZEN. I CAN'T
MANEUVER. WE'LL
CRASH!



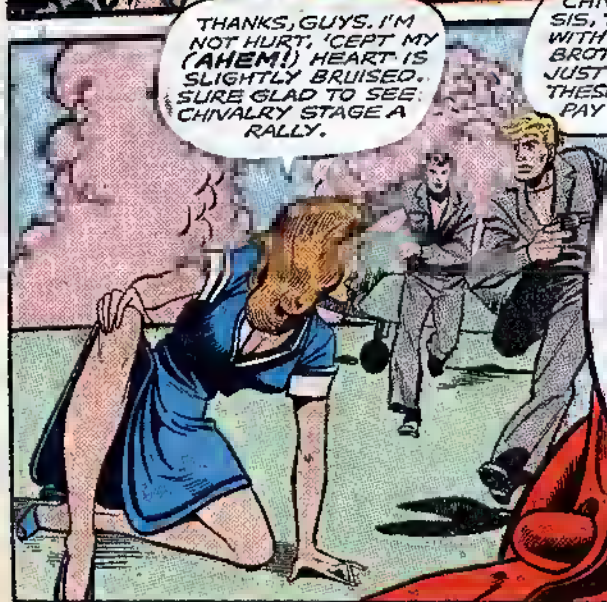
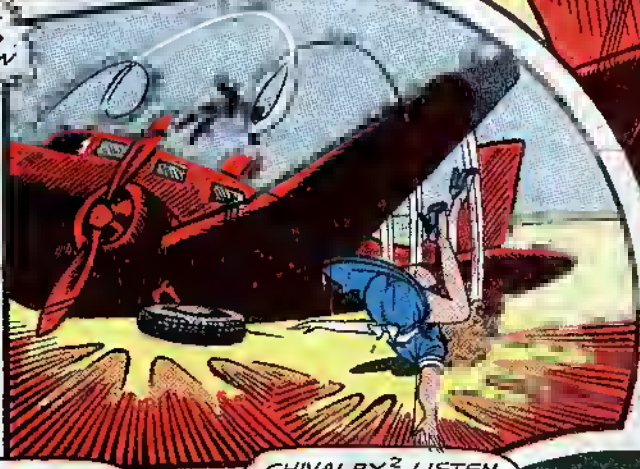
HEH! HEH! IF I
CAN HOLD ON TO
THIS RUDDER,
I'LL GIVE THOSE
BIRDS A WRONG
STEER...



EEK! MAYBE
I'M NOT BEING
FOLLOWED,
BUT I'M SURE
BEING
TAILED!



CHAMP! THERE THEY
GO! HOW YUH FIXED
FOR IODINE? FOLLOW
THEM DOWN!

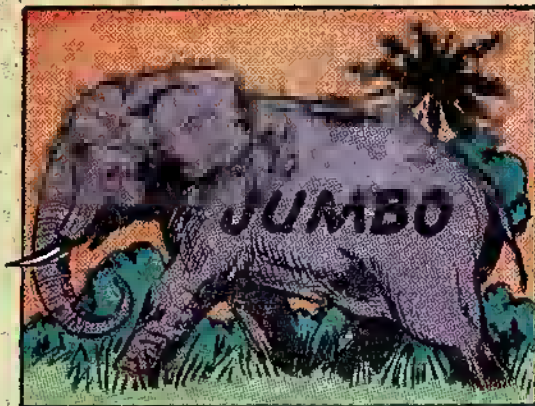


THANKS, GUYS. I'M
NOT HURT, 'CEPT MY
(AHM!) HEART IS
SLIGHTLY BRUISED.
SURE GLAD TO SEE
CHIVALRY STAGE A
RALLY.



CHIVALRY? LISTEN,
SIS, THAT WENT OUT
WITH THE WRIGHT
BROTHERS. WE'RE
JUST DOING OUR JOB.
THESE GUYS DIDN'T
PAY FOR THE GAS.

SKY GIRL EVERY MONTH IN
JUMBO Comics!



Dear Editor:

In one issue of your comic, I read the proposals of Peanuts Mulligan, what he (or she) would do if editor. I agreed with some of his (or her) views and here are my own: SHEENA, keep; THE HAWK, keep; ZX-5, keep; SKY GIRL, keep; STORY, out; STUART TAYLOR, out; GHOST GALLERY, keep; and finally, add one more story.

Yours faithfully,
Wee Kim Soon

Singapore.

Dear Editor:

To me, your comic is just super-duper! In one edition, somebody wrote in and suggested that you take out some of the strips. I think they should all stay in. I like them all.

Wilma Lee Everett

Monett, Mo.

Dear Editor:

Here is what I think of your comic. SHEENA, THE HAWK, and GHOST GALLERY are swell. As for the rest, you can give them back to the Indians. One thing that wrecks your stories is that you have too many girls in them. Take my advice and you will have a swell book.

Raymond Grall

Ed.: Don't you like girls, Raymond?

Mandrake Falls

Dear Editor:

People are fools. Why does anyone write in and praise or knock a comic strip character anyway? Don't they know they are only fictitious characters? I guess you can't expect much better from people who spend their time reading comic books though.

John J. Graham II

Ed.: We believe in letting everybody have his say, John. And if you don't mind, just where is this Mandrake Falls, anyway? We couldn't make out the rest of your address.

New Brunswick, N. J.

Dear Editor:

I was seven years old when I bought my first copy of your book. I looked for something different and found it. I'm sixteen now and still don't regret it. Every issue gets better. I think you should keep everything and make it longer. Tell that guy who wrote in about your comic being awful to go stick his head in the sand.

Yours truly,
A. A. L.

San Juan, Puerto Rico

Dear Editor:

I think that your comic book is very good. SHEENA is swell, and so are THE HAWK and GHOST GALLERY. I think you should throw out STUART TAYLOR and SKY GIRL.

Yours for a better book,

Compton, Cal.

Dear Editor:

I think SHEENA, THE HAWK, and GHOST GALLERY are swell. All of the kids in our fan club would like to see SHEENA in the movies in technicolor.

Jerry Hall

Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor:

I think Jeremy Packard of Wallingford, Connecticut is off his trolley. He says Draw Murdock should become a ghost for good. The trouble with some people who don't like GHOST GALLERY is that they have no sense of imagination.

Herbert Walker

Madison, Wis.

Dear Editor:

The Hawk is tops for my money. Make it longer.

Milton Cohen

Regina, Sask.

Dear Editor:

I would like for you to know that I enjoy your book immensely. In fact it is my main source of reading material. In my opinion, one fault is that the hero and heroine never get injured. It is impossible for them to escape the dangerous situations they encounter without a scratch. On the whole though, yours is a very enjoyable magazine.

An interested reader,
Wendy Smith

New York City.

To the Editor:

I know you are not going to print this, but I want to let you know that your book belongs in the garbage can.

Mac Taylor

Ed.: I guess Mac just doesn't like us.

Center, Texas.

Dear Editor:

I would like to ask Ruth Goff whose letter was printed in a recent issue of your book just what she meant by her words, "The only two decent features are SHEENA and GHOST GALLERY?" May I tell her that GHOST GALLERY always has something about ghosts or the bodies of people walking around after they are dead? May I say that at least the other features in the magazine (except Stu Taylor) tend to cope with the present?

Yours truly,
Mae Stevens

Flushing, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I want to thank Draw Murdock for such a swell story of the GHOST GALLERY. Would it be possible to have two stories of it? Here's hoping. I think STUART TAYLOR should be made shorter or taken out to give more room to GHOST GALLERY. Thank you.

Yours truly,
Joan Vicar

Plainview, Texas.

Dear Editor:

I have been reading your comic for but a little while. The only thing I find wrong with it is ZX-5 and his walking cane. It does too much. I suggest he do without it for a while.

Kenny Phillips

Little Rock, Ark.

To the Editor:

The trouble with Kay Byrum who doesn't like SKY GIRL is that she just has no sense of humor.

Polly O'Donnell

Kennebec, Wash.

Dear Editor:

I wish you would burn up all the features except SHEENA. She is better than excellent. I wish you would tell W. Morgan Thomas that his SHEENA is the best feature in any comic.

Sincerely,
Russel Hicks-President of
Sheena Fan Club No. 1

Brookings, S. D.

Dear Editor:

I like all your stories and characters and think that STU TAYLOR is one of the best and has the best art. Keep STU in your book, it's tops with me.

R. D. K.

Texas City, Texas.

Dear Editor:

I have been reading your book for a long time and made. STUART TAYLOR could be left out and another script of SHEENA added. SHEENA is my favorite, then THE HAWK and GHOST GALLERY and SKY GIRL.

You could omit the written story and add an exciting mystery instead.

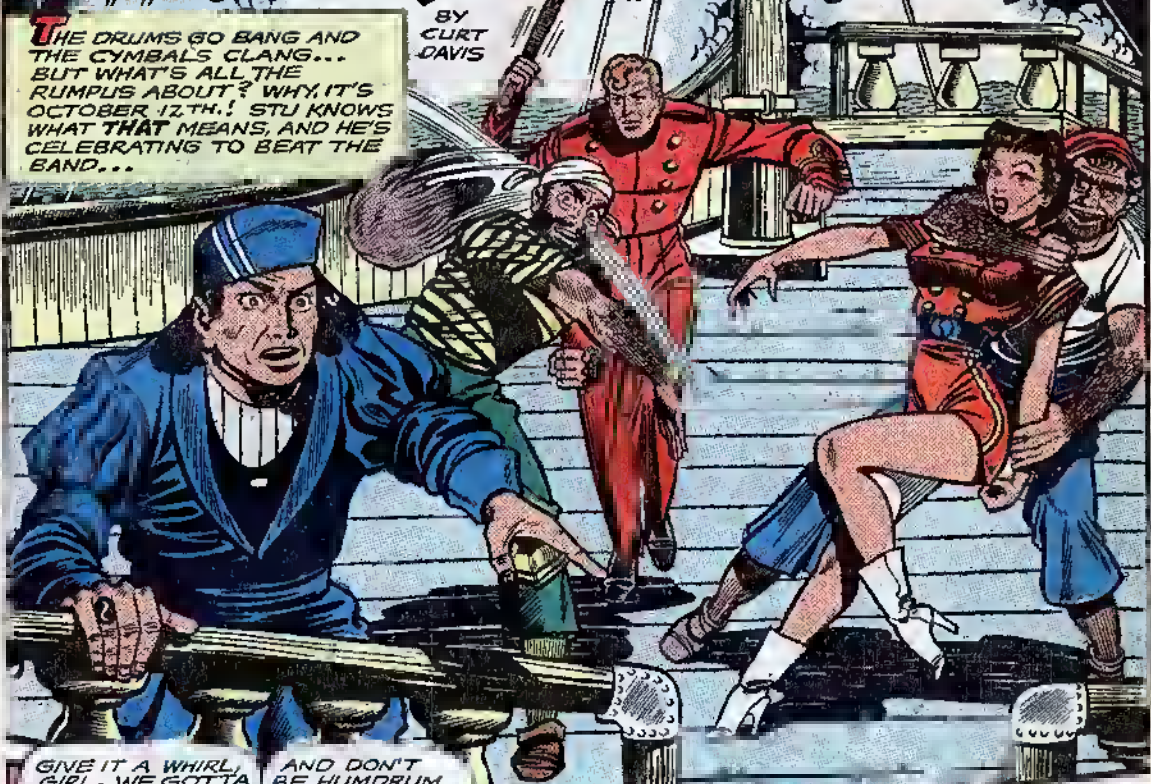
Yours truly,
Sybil Andress

Stuart TAYLOR

WEIRD STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL

BY
CURT
DAVIS

THE DRUMS GO BANG AND THE CYMBALS CLANG... BUT WHAT'S ALL THE RUMPLUS ABOUT? WHY, IT'S OCTOBER 12TH.! STU KNOWS WHAT THAT MEANS, AND HE'S CELEBRATING TO BEAT THE BAND...



GIVE IT A WHIRL, GIRL. WE GOTTA SHOW DOC HOW GOOD WE ARE.

AND DON'T BE HUMDRUM WITH THE DRUM, STU. THERE'S DAD NOW.

THEY'RE GOOD ALL RIGHT, BUT STU AND LAURA SHOULD MEET THE MAN THEY'RE HONORING. THE TIME MACHINE...

DOC DOCTORS THE DIALS... TIME DOES A BACKFLIP... STU AND LAURA DROP A BEAT... AND BEAT IT...



CAN YOU BEAT THAT?

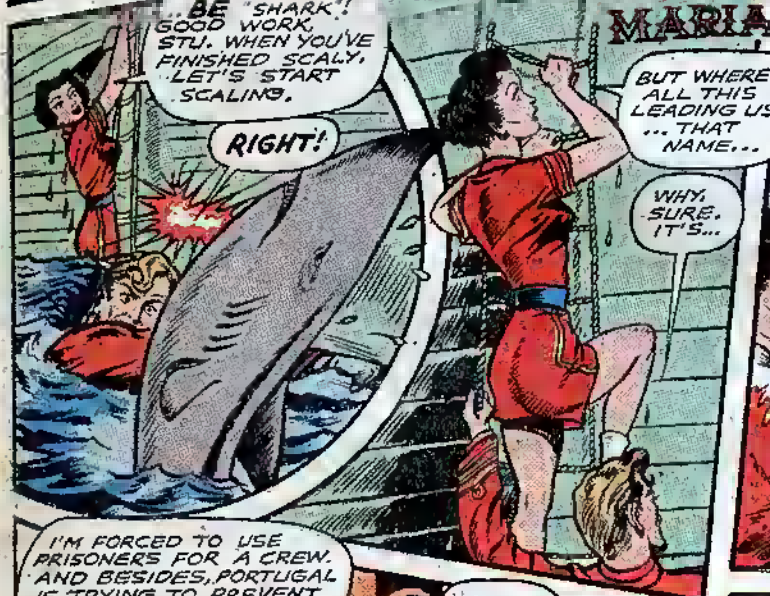
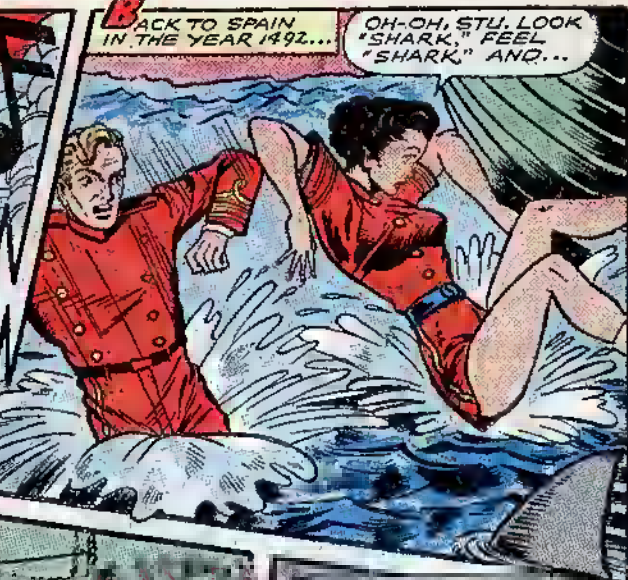


WONDER WHO WE'RE GOING TO SEE THIS TIME?

MUST BE SOMEONE OF NOTE!

BACK TO SPAIN IN THE YEAR 1492...

OH-OH, STU. LOOK "SHARK." FEEL "SHARK." AND...



BE "SHARK"! GOOD WORK, STU. WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED SCALY, LET'S START SCALING.

RIGHT!

BUT WHERE'S ALL THIS LEADING US? ... THAT NAME...

WHY, SURE, IT'S...

COLUMBUS! BUT WHY SO CROSS, CHRIS?

WHY? QUEEN ISABELLA CAN'T GET ME MEN FOR MY EXPEDITION TO FIND A NEW ROUTE TO THE FAR EAST. JUST LOOK!



I'M FORCED TO USE PRISONERS FOR A CREW. AND BESIDES, PORTUGAL IS TRYING TO PREVENT SPAIN FROM FINDING THE NEW ROUTE FIRST.

A "SPAIN" IN THE NECK, HUH?

PSSST! HEY, BLACKY!



LISTEN, BLACKY, PORTUGAL WILL FILL YER POCKETS WITH GOLD IF YE CAN STOP COLUMBUS FROM MAKIN' THIS BLOOMIN' TRIP. YER TH' FIRST MATE, SO...

IT'S DONE, BLINKY, BUT YE BEST BE HIDIN' FOR COLUMBUS IS AFTER YER!



BUNKY HIDES FROM NO MAN, I'LL FINISH TH' BLIGHTER NOW!

BEGONE, FOOL!

WATCH IT, CHRIS. HE'S HEAD-ING FOR THE GANGPLANK!

SO GANGWAY! HERE'S WHERE STU SWINGS INTO ACTION!

MY DAGGER WILL SEE YER SCURVY HEART, YE...

AS... WE'RE MOVING, BUT LITTLE LAURA'S GONNA MOVE IN ON SOME OF THOSE PRETTY DRESSES. THEY BROUGHT THEM TO TRADE WITH THE NATIVES, BUT...

I'M TRADING IN MY OLD DUDS FOR A NEW OUTFIT... WHA...!

C'MON, ME HEARTIES. THE COAST'S CLEAR. NOW LISTEN...

DITCH THE DIRK, JERK! OKAY, CHRIS, LET'S GET GOING!

AVAST! WEIGH ANCHOR! WE'LL SET SAIL NOW!

...WE'RE TAKIN' OVER THE SHIP AND OLD BLACKY WILL SEE YE GET PAID WELL IF YE'RE WITH ME.

MUTINY! I MUST WARN COLUMBUS! BUT... OOPS! THE SCREEN'S FALLING DOWN. THIS'LL BE MY DOWNFALL!

AFTER 'ER, MATIES, SHE'S WISE TO US! TO THE DEEP SIX WITH 'ER!

OOOH! HERE'S WHERE I GET MY NEW DRESS ALL WET!

GRAB 'ER, BLACKY, SHE'S MAKIN' FOR TH' DECK!

W HILE...



UNDERWAY AT LAST, STU, AND SO BE MY OTHER SHIPS, YON PINTA AND NINA.

YEAH, BUT LOOK, CHRIS! THE PINTA'S GIVING YOU THE HIGH SIGN.

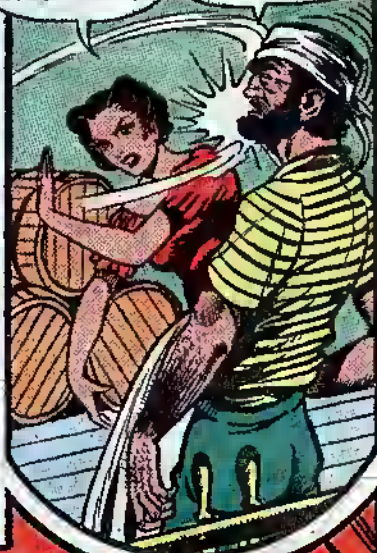
TRUE, AND 'TIS A SIGN OF TROUBLE. THEY'VE RUN LOW OF SUPPLIES, BOS'N. HAVE THE SHIP BROUGHT ALONGSIDE THE PINTA AND PREPARE TO TRANSFER A DOZEN BARRELS OF SUGAR.

AYE, CAP'N. I'LL HAVE THE LINES SET NOW.

A S...

LISTEN, PUNK, THE ONLY WAY YOU GRAB ME IS THE HARD WAY. HAVE A BLACK EYE, HEARTY!

OW! A HOWIN' HUSSY, THIS ONE! I'LL HAVE TO PIN YE DOWN WITH A BELAYIN' PIN. I'LL JUST—

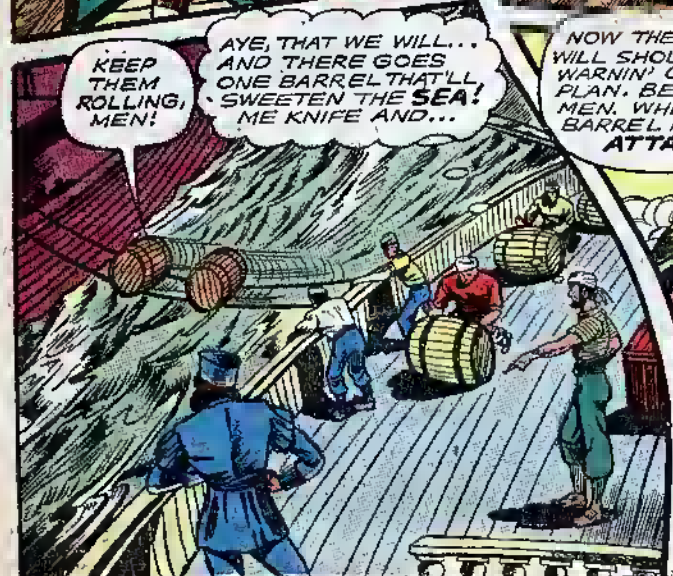


... MAKE YE A SLEEPIN' BEAUTY. NOW FOR THAT EMPTY BARREL...



QUICK, LADS, GIVE A HAND AN' ROLL THIS BARREL TO WHERE THEY BE LOADIN' TH' PINTA.

AYE, BLACKY!



KEEP THEM ROLLING, MEN!

AYE, THAT WE WILL... AND THERE GOES ONE BARREL THAT'LL SWEETEN THE SEA! ME KNIFE AND...

NOW THE LASS WILL SHOUT NO WARNIN' OF OUR PLAN. BE READY, MEN. WHEN YON BARREL FALLS, ATTACK!



WOW! A SURPRISE BLOW, CHRIS, BUT HERE'S WHERE BLACKY DOES A BLACKOUT!... WHA... THAT SCREAM FROM THE WATER... SOUNDS LIKE LAURA!

...AND SHE'S NOT HAVING A BARREL OF FUN. THIS MUST BE BLACKY'S WORK, TOO. I'VE GOT TO GRAB AN AXE AND...

HELP!

...CHOP HER OUT BEFORE THE BARREL SINKS. IF ONLY I'M NOT TOO LATE! BUT...

THERE! HURRY, LAURA, WE'LL SWIM TO THE PINTA AND SAFETY.

BUT, STU, LOOK! THOSE ROPES FROM THE SANTA MARIA. I'M AFRAID WE'RE...

HOOKED!

GOOD, LADS! THE SHIP'S OURS, SO HAUL IN. BUT BRING ME A FIRE-BRAND. I HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THE BLONDE ONE.

AND I AIM TO SETTLE IT NOW. TAKE A GOOD LOOK, YE BLASTED...

WAIT, BLACKY! LOOK OUT TO SEA. IT'S...IT'S...

LAND!

SO IT'S LAND, EH? TOO BAD YE'LL NEVER SEE IT, YE FOOL, FOR I'M PUTTIN' YER EYES OUT!



LAND!
LAND!

HOLD
HIM, YE
IDIOTS.
HOLO
HIM!

HERE'S WHERE
I MAKE MY
BREAK... THIS
SWORD...

THE PARTY'S
OVER, BLACKY,
AND I HOPE
YOU GET THE
"POINT."

FINE, STU!
BOS'N, LOWER
A BOAT, WE'RE
GOING
ASHORE!

AAAH!

SOON...

WITH BLACKY
DEAD, THE MEN
OBEY ME ONCE
MORE, THANKS
TO YOU, STU.

IT'S OKAY,
CHRIS. BUT
THIS LAND
AHEAD
LOOKS
FAMILIAR.

I KNOW IT
NOT, YET IT
MUST BE CHINA.
A NEW ROUTE
TO THE EAST IS
DISCOVERED
AT LAST.

SORRY, CHRIS,
BUT YOU'LL
FIND YOU'VE
DISCOVERED
A NEW
WORLD!

AND WE
MUST GET
BACK TO
OUR WORLD,
STU.

A FLICK OF THE TIME
MACHINE AND STU AND
LAURA FLY BACK TO 1947, A.D.

BUT... OOPS!
I GUESS IT'S
CAUGHT US! HOPE
THEY DON'T GIVE
A "TOOT"!

LAURA'S
RIGHT. SO
GOODBYE,
CHRIS. GLAD
WE "DIS-
COVERED"
YOU!

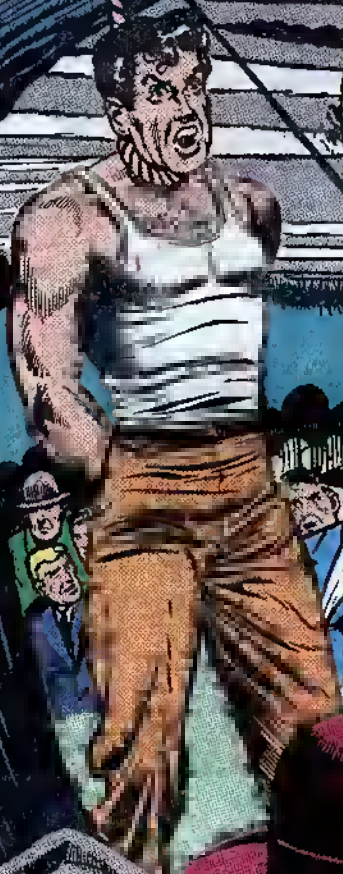
I'LL
ALWAYS
REMEMBER
BOTH OF
YOU.

LET'S GO, STU.
WE'VE GOT TO
CATCH OUR
COLUMBUS
DAY PARADE...

STUART TAYLOR IN EVERY
ISSUE OF
JUMBO Comics!

THE GHOST GALLERY

DREW



UE BURKE WELCOMED HER BROTHER'S IMPENDING TRIAL... SHE HAD FAITH HE WAS INNOCENT AND THAT THE LAW WOULD SO JUDGE HIM... BUT SHE DID FEAR THE UGLY, UNREASONABLE FRENZY OF THE MOB... KNEW THAT ONCE GOADED BY UN-PRINCIPLED LEADERS IT COULD FORGET JUSTICE AND INVOKE LYNCH-LAW!... SO...

BUT, CAPTAIN ELLIS, ARE YOU SURE SAM WILL BE SAFE? I'VE HEARD THAT STEVE MARLOW SWEARS MY BROTHER WILL HANG.

DON'T WORRY, MISS BURKE. THE SHERIFF WILL GUARD HIM. HE'LL HAVE A FAIR TRIAL.

AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH THE COURT WILL FIND HIM INNOCENT.

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN. IF TROUBLE STARTS, I'LL CALL ON YOU STATE TROOPERS.



LATER, OUTSIDE THE JAIL...

AS INSIDE...

HEY, SHERIFF, BRING OUT THE PRISONER!

YEAH, HAND 'IM OVER, HE KILLED THE BANK TELLER... AN' WE KNOW IT!

SHORE... STEVE 'ERE SEEN 'IM DO THE JOB.

THAT'S RIGHT, I DID SEE 'IM. GET UP ON THE ROOF, BEN, AN' JUMP THE SHERIFF WHEN HE COMES OUT!

I'LL NEVER FINISH CARVING THIS CAR WITH ALL THAT YELLING OUTSIDE. SHERIFF, WHAT'S WRONG?

STEVE MARLOW'S GOT THE MOB WORKED UP TUH A LYNCHIN', SAM. I'M GOIN' OUT THERE TUH QUIET THEM DOWN!

NOW YOU FOLKS GET ALONG HOME BEFORE YOU DO SOMETHING YOU'LL REGRET, SAM BURKE'S MY PRISONER, AN' NO ONE'S GOIN' TUH TAKE 'IM AWAY FROM ME!

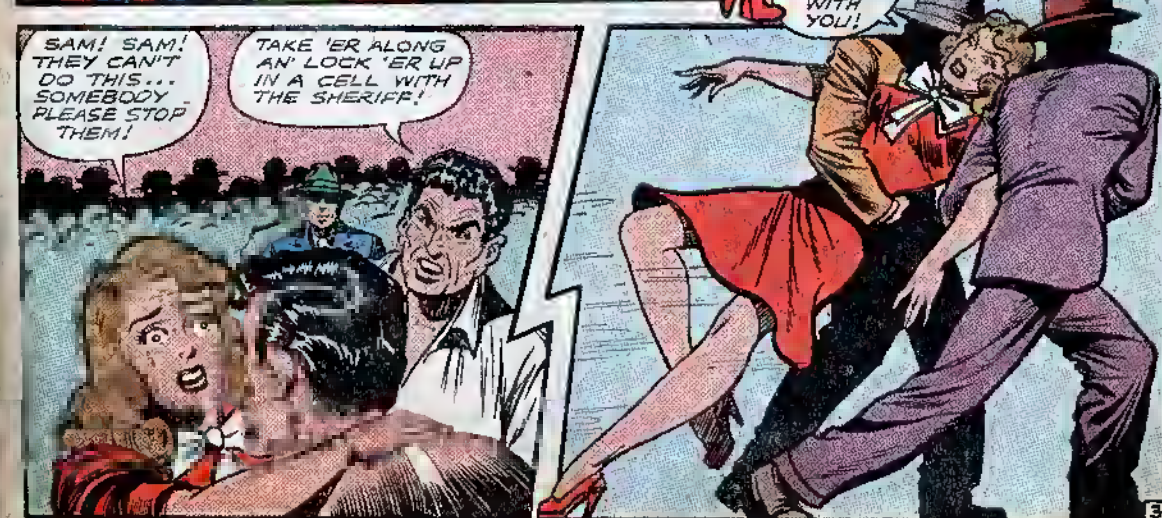
AW... HE'S GUILTY. WHY WASTE THE TOWN'S MONEY ON A TRIAL?

THEY'RE MOBBING THE JAIL... TRYIN' TO GET SAM. BUT THANK HEAVEN, THE SHERIFF IS DOIN' HIS DUTY! WHAT!

SHERIFF! LOOK OUT! SOMEONE BEHIND YOU ON THE ROOF!

EVERY MAN'S ENTITLED TO A FAIR TRIAL AN' IT AIN'T NO PROVEN FACT THAT SAM DID KILL THE TELLER. SO GO ON HOME, EVERYBODY... WHO'S THAT SHOUTIN'?





Soon...

THEY'VE TAKEN
SAM AWAY... AND
THERE'S NOTHING
I CAN DO...
NOTHING!

IF ONLY THAT LITTLE
WOODEN CAR WAS REAL
AND I WAS FREE...

I'D GET CAPTAIN
ELLIS AND HIS
TROOPERS.
THEY'D SAVE
SAM... WHAT... I
MUST BE OUT
OF MY MIND...
THAT'S ME:
RUNNING TOWARD
IT!

MEANWHILE...

IT'S THE TRUTH...
STEVE, THE TELLER
WAS DEAD WHEN I
ENTERED THE BANK...
AND SOMEBODY WAS
CLIMBING OUT THE
BACK WINDOW.

THAT'S YOUR
STORY... WHY
DON'T YOU
ACCUSE ME
OF KILLIN' 'IM?

I'M NOT ACCUSING
ANYONE... I DIDN'T
SEE WHO IT WAS.
BUT GIVE ME A
CHANCE, STEVE, THEY
MIGHT FIND THE
KILLER'S GUN!

YEAH... YOU DIDN'T
GIVE THE TELLER
A CHANCE, YOU'RE
GOING TO DIE, SAM.

YOU'RE BEHIND ALL
THIS, STEVE. YOU GOT
THE MOB TO PULL ME
OUT OF JAIL... **OHNNH!**

SHUT UP,
YOU LIAR!

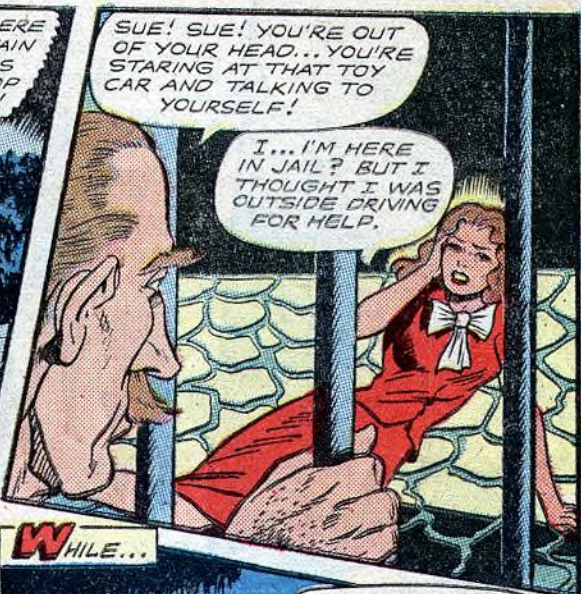
WE'LL USE THAT
COTTONWOOD
AHEAD, BOYS.
LET'S GO!



TROOPERS' HEAD-
QUARTERS JUST
TWO MILES AHEAD.
I'VE GOT TO
HURRY.



IF I GET THERE
IN TIME, CAPTAIN
ELLIS AND HIS
MEN WILL STOP
THIS LYNCHING!



SUE! SUE! YOU'RE OUT
OF YOUR HEAD... YOU'RE
STARING AT THAT TOY
CAR AND TALKING TO
YOURSELF!

I... I'M HERE
IN JAIL? BUT I
THOUGHT I WAS
OUTSIDE DRIVING
FOR HELP.



I AM THERE...
I AM OUT THERE
RIDING FOR HELP...
I AM!

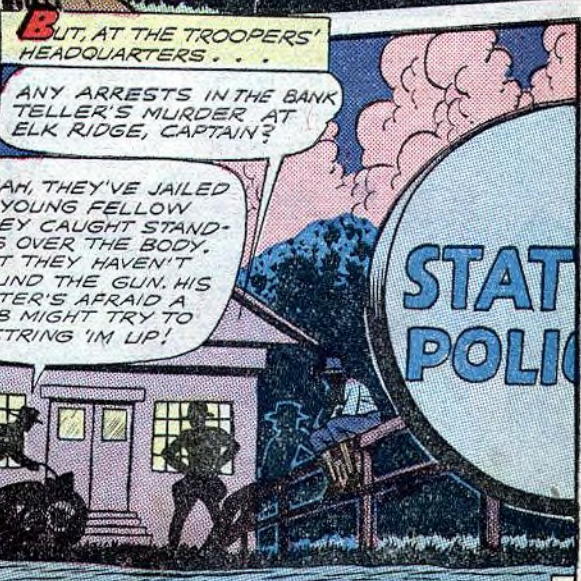


FOR THE LOVE OF
HEAVEN, GIVE ME A
CHANCE... DON'T
MURDER ME!

TIGHTEN THAT
ROPE, LUKE.
LET'S GET THIS
OVER WITH!



THAT'S IT... THE
HANGMAN'S KNOT.
ONE JERK AN'
IT'LL SNAP HIS
NECK!



BUT, AT THE TROOPERS'
HEADQUARTERS...

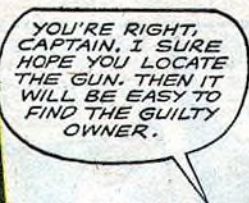
ANY ARRESTS IN THE BANK
TELLER'S MURDER AT
ELK RIDGE, CAPTAIN?

YEAH, THEY'VE JAILED
A YOUNG FELLOW
THEY CAUGHT STAND-
ING OVER THE BODY.
BUT THEY HAVEN'T
FOUND THE GUN. HIS
SISTER'S AFRAID A
MOB MIGHT TRY TO
STRING 'IM UP!

**STAT
POLICE**



I TOLD THE PRISONER'S SISTER THE CITIZENS OF THIS COUNTY ARE LAW ABIDING. THERE ISN'T A CHANCE THEY'LL START A NECKTIE PARTY.



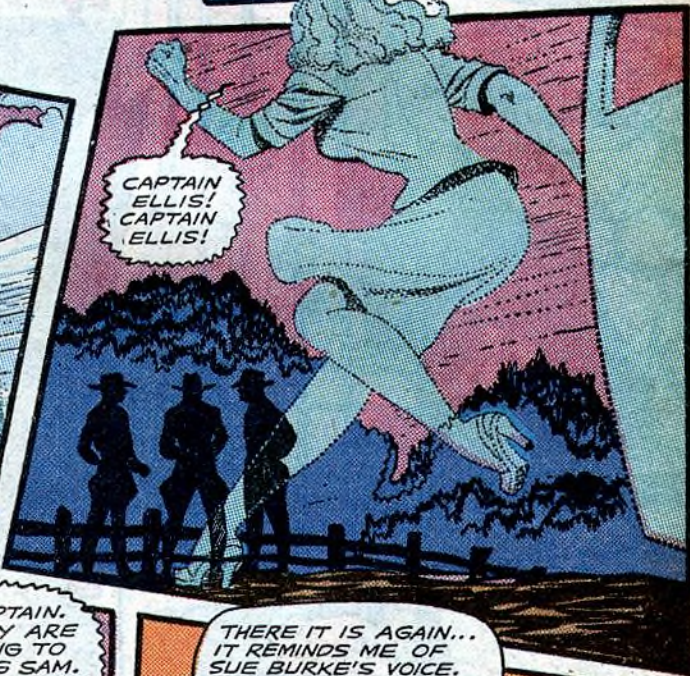
YOU'RE RIGHT, CAPTAIN. I SURE HOPE YOU LOCATE THE GUN. THEN IT WILL BE EASY TO FIND THE GUILTY OWNER.



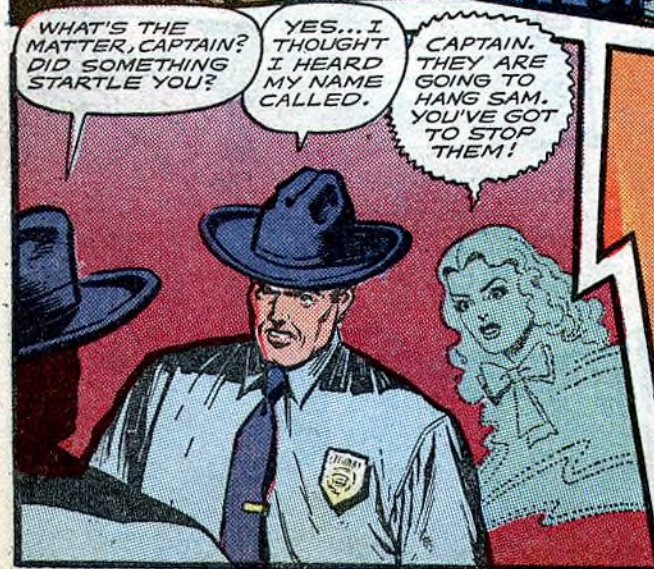
I'M AT THE WHEEL DRIVING TOWARD THE TROOPERS' HEAD-QUARTERS!



THAT'S IT AHEAD! GOOD...THE MEN ARE OUTSIDE!



CAPTAIN ELLIS! CAPTAIN ELLIS!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, CAPTAIN? DID SOMETHING STARTLE YOU?

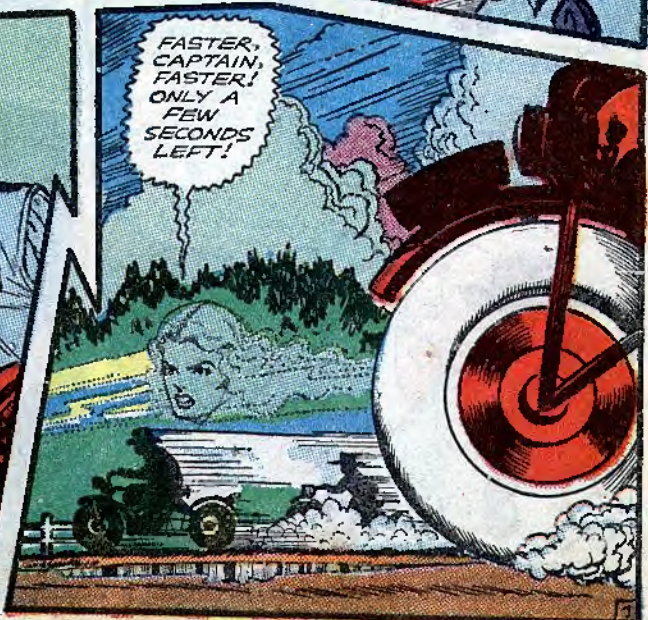
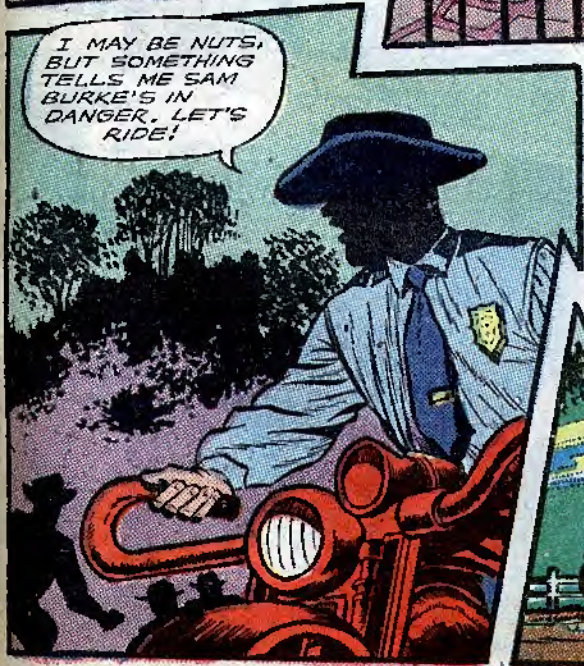
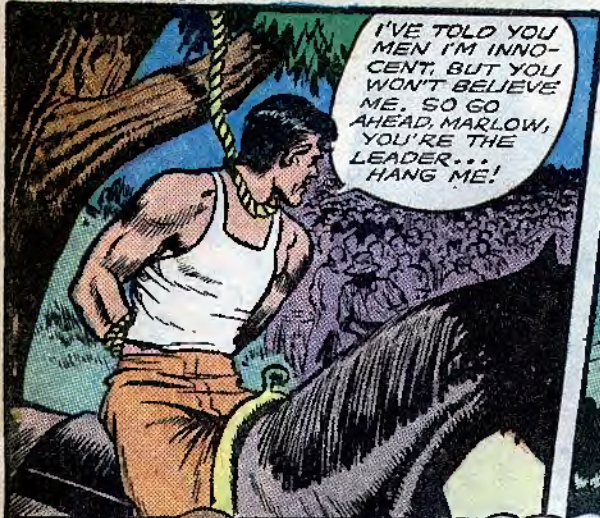
YES...I THOUGHT I HEARD MY NAME CALLED.

CAPTAIN. THEY ARE GOING TO HANG SAM. YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!



THERE IT IS AGAIN... IT REMINDS ME OF SUE BURKE'S VOICE. AW...I MUST BE GOING NUTS... THERE'S NO GIRL HERE.

MEANWHILE...





IT WON'T TAKE LONG, SAM, JUST ONE QUICK JERK AN' A COUPLE OF KICKS... HERE YOU GO, BOY... WHAT'S THAT?



SAM'S STILL ALIVE, CAPTAIN... YOU'VE SAVED HIM! WATCH OUT! STEVE MARLOW'S PULLING HIS GUN!



STATE TROOPERS! I'LL TEACH 'EM TO STICK THEIR NOSES IN OUR BUSINESS!



MISSED... HEY, GIMME MY GUN... WHY CAN'T WE HANDLE OUR BUSINESS OUR WAY?

BECAUSE IT'S ILLEGAL! THAT KID DESERVES A TRIAL, AN' HE'S GOIN' TO GET IT!

LATER...



SAM, YOU'RE ALIVE... THANK HEAVEN! DID YOU SAVE HIM, CAPTAIN?



YES, BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN ABOUT IT IF SUE HADN'T WARNED ME WHAT WAS HAPPENING.

SUE TOLD YOU? WHY, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, SHE WAS IN THE CELL BESIDE ME ALL THE TIME BABBLING ABOUT YOU.



PERHAPS... BUT I HEARD HER JUST THE SAME, AND ANOTHER THING. IT WAS A BULLET FROM STEVE'S GUN THAT KILLED THE TELLER. SAM'S INNOCENT!

THEN PERHAPS THAT WASN'T A DREAM I HAD... PERHAPS MY SPIRIT DID RIDE TO TAKE HIM TO RESCUE SAM!

DREW MURDOCH'S GHOST GALLERY IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!